

MERRY ENGLAND

JULY, 1888.

How to Write Stories.

MISS ALICE CORKRAN has a distinct, if not unique, place among contemporary English authors as a writer of short stories. Short stories should be neither fragments nor compressions. In the one case they lack organic unity and a reason for their being; in the other they have a lack of the character proper to their size. A life-time told briefly may serve many useful purposes, but however eventful it may be, and however discreetly the events may be selected for influence, purpose, and effect, the whole does not give us a short story written in artistic obedience to the necessities of its kind. Nor can there generally be, in this kind of work, the room and leisure which are so desirable in even the least literary literature. On the other hand, the fragment has generally too much leisure, it pauses among trivialities, and the effect is that of too much weight, or rather too many weights, with the resulting futility. Besides, as we have said, organic unity is missed. And this last is the quality which we have learnt to look for in all excellent art—our best lesson from the interchange with France. A scene on the stage, a picture, a piece of prose, or a poem—we look in each for that great sign of vitality. A short story which possesses it has at its heart a central incident, vital (or mortal), and always

sufficient as a reason why the story should be told. All the conditions, the details, the characteristics surround this incident, and are told because of it ; all have their value, subordinately, and are therefore free from that over-emptiness which makes them dull.

Miss Corkran chooses for her central events things belonging to the soul and conscience, incidents that make a change in a life and are part of a vital experience. In her stories for children, she uses the old machinery of a dream, and otherwise makes the experience, and the manner of it, brief. In "The Young Philistine" and its companions (Messrs. Burns and Oates), it is generally a catastrophe in the life of another that affects the undeveloped character of the hero or heroine by means of the education of sympathy or repentance. It is a commonplace of minor criticism to condemn stories with a purpose. And for this we must blame the crowd of books that have a purpose and little else—books written with a great amount of invertebrate sincerity, but without the literary accent of conviction ; in fact without talent. For that lack there is no dispensation. Nature is cruel, say those who are suffering from the reaction from the sentimentality of feigning that nature is always kind. But how much more cruel is art, who will not forgive a shortcoming in the one thing needful ; no goodwill, no aspiration, no effort will avail—the aspirant is winnowed away, and goes, with the thousands of his kind, to the winds of oblivion. It is to authors of this kind that we owe the greatest number of books written "to warn, to comfort and command." Nevertheless there have been masters who have used the experiences of their characters to affect the mental experience of their readers. What else was Thackeray's purpose in making all his work repeat to us that there is nothing better on earth than charity and a humble heart ? What else was George Eliot's, who taught her doctrine of consequences without relaxation, insisting through the stories of all her books that self is the suffering creature of which we must rid ourselves if we would be at peace, and that in proportion as we

cherish and prosper the self that suffers, so shall we endure pangs? With such a doctrine it is evident that she never had, or believed she never had, any cause to force events to serve her purpose; for they served it by an inevitable law. Miss Corkran has good precedents for telling stories with a purpose, and her execution is so beautiful that no reader will rebel against her doctrine.

In "The English Teacher at the Convent," first published in the pages of this Magazine, the first story of the "Young Philistine" group, the tragic incident happens to an old woman, Miss Martha, and the lesson is one of respect and tenderness for sorrows that look grotesque and uncouthly sentimental to the cruel and happy young, conscious of their superior fitness for the flattering tragedies of the heart. With this lesson there comes to the young heroine the persuasion to another kind of pity—the compassion which poets urged so constantly upon ladies of old, and grace to know more clearly the will of Heaven for her future life. The English mistress is a cheerful, unselfish creature, absurd, out of date, youthful and antiquated, stout, and fond of a "little bit of pink" in her dress. The bag she always carries piques the curiosity of the convent school girls. It is a sentimental bag, they declare; and one day when the community and school are keeping festival in the garden, Miss Martha falls asleep in an arbour, and the ringleader of the mischief steals the bag. Aline, the good girl, finds her:

"The old lady's head was thrown back, her bonnet had slipped off, holding by its strings to her wrinkled throat. As she lay in the *abandon* of sleep, all the sword-strokes, all the scars that the years deal in their passage, came out plainly visible. Awake, she had a mobility of expression, a brightness of the eyes, which kept up an appearance of youth; but in sleep age had its revenge. If the clock of the old maid's life had stopped some forty years ago striking to the throb of emotion, it had gone on recording the passage of time, and showed the hour in the surrender of lassitude. Aline marked the wrinkles, the sunken temples, the reddened eyelids, the weak droop of the opened mouth through which came the heavy breath. All the dust of life gathered on the thinning hair. She was touched. She thought there was a valiant calm upon the old face."



MARGERY MERTON AMONG THE PICTURES.

The passage is an example of Miss Corkran's peculiar but most human tenderness. Aline sees what is missing, and tracks her school-fellows to the place where they are profaning the woman's beloved secrets—her love-letters and the miniature of herself that had been shattered by a bullet on its way through the heart of her betrothed. Reine, the "demon" of the school, reads the letters to her companions' peals of laughter :

"Presently she heard Reine say : 'His last letter—that is inscribed in Miss Martha's *pattes de mouche*.'

'Brussels, June, 16, 1815.

'I can only snatch one moment—one moment to say farewell to my dearest Martha ; the bugles are sounding ; the drums are beating ; our fellows are mustering in the Place. It is a gallant sight. In half-an-hour we march. Prayers and tears for us are flowing from many homes ; my dear girl's are among them, I know. Her miniature is on my heart ; her smile and blush are there painted before me. If a French bullet finds me out, my last thought will be of her. The signal is called. Good-bye, my dear. God bless you, God bless you, my sweetheart !'

A silence followed this letter. Reine said, more slowly than she had yet spoken : 'There is something inside, wrapped in tissue-paper ; let us see what Miss Martha has written.' 'My miniature smashed by the bullet that went through his true heart !' 'Good,' she resumed briskly. 'Now we are going to see Miss Martha at nineteen years of age !' She began carefully to unfold the paper ; then she said quickly : 'Ah no, we cannot ; it is all in bits—a heap of little bits ; nothing, absolutely nothing. There are brown stains,' she laughed nervously, 'the stains of blood—*le sang de Malbrook*. Ah ! How horrid !' With a hysterical sob she threw the fragments and paper down on the floor. A thrill ran through the attic.

All at once the chair before the door fell with a crash. Miss Martha stood on the threshold, panting, dishevelled, terrible. Some nuns stood behind her, stirred out of their calm."

In "The Young Philistine," Miss Corkran shows how even a "theoretical young squire," going down from Oxford to "bring beauty home to the people" of his farms and cottages, finds that love and fidelity are better than a taste in art.

"The young man prided himself upon his power of influencing others. He had the nature and gifts that impress more timid and confused contemporaries. He had his blind enthusiasms ; his abject subjections ; his unreasoning antipathies. He spoke of them constantly ; he descanted upon every theme with the assurance of one who had arrived at his own conclusions.

The self-confidence that inspires the more experienced with distrust impresses the young. Mr. Freshmead had a pleasant voice and a courteous manner. With his antagonists he would assume a position of half-amused humility that robbed their shafts of much of their effect. He would admit that his theories were based on illusions; but, then, he argued that the philosophy of life was to hug one's illusions. For all his much speaking, the young man had plenty of power of work in him and genuine taste. His career at Oxford had been brilliant; he had come off high in classics; he was a gold medallist. At the age of twenty-three, he had realised his ambition, and was the centre of a clique—the leader of a small band of disciples, who, under his guidance, abjured wines, vulgar pleasures, and proclaimed a chivalric, if somewhat too emphatic, enthusiasm for things fair and of good report."

He finds some frightful frescoes in the village church on the estate to which he has succeeded. Miss Corkran might have done better to be more delicate and moderate perhaps, and to have the frescoes bad in a common way, not grotesque out of season; there is a little of the exaggeration of the ordinary story-teller, the exaggeration which seems inevitable on the English stage, but which is out of accord with her life-like moderation. The readers of *Merry England* should remember how the story is developed. The grand-daughter of the painter of the frescoes, who is dead, is a young philistine in all that belongs to art, but a loving and loyal child, a girl of honour. Resisting the little tyrant of her fields, who proposes to abolish the paintings as corrupting and demoralising to the people he wishes to elevate to a knowledge of the beautiful, Miss Tebbs, resist how she may, becomes educated in the things her enemy loves. She weeps over her grandfather's grave, and whispering to him that he, being dead, knows why now she abandons her admiration of his paintings. But meanwhile the theoretic squire has received a graver lesson than hers. "Père Perrault's Legacy" is the most powerful of the series, and "A Village Genius" in some passages the most beautiful, though it is injured by the final chapter.

As an incident in the present state of the Copyright Law, it may be recorded that Miss Corkran's "Young Philistine" has

been published in the United States without the author's or publisher's leave, of course extremely cheap, dues being paid to neither, so that a legitimate edition arranged for in America by the publishers has been discounted, or rather destroyed. This is a common enough occurrence. But in this case the author has been deprived not only of the gains belonging of right to her talent, but of the reputation of her authorship. This edition of the "Young Philistine"—we cannot call it pirated, for all is within the law—appears without Miss Corkran's name. She is robbed of what benefit she might have received in the future, under better regulations, from the admiration of American readers for her beautiful work.

"Margery Merton's Girlhood" (published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, to whom we are indebted for the illustrations), is a story for schoolgirls, treating of convent education in Paris. The author, though he does not write from the distinctly Catholic position, appreciates the convent spirit most delicately. Her heroine engages in a competition among the art-students, when the malice of a school-fellow brings her under suspicion. Mr. Gordon Browne's drawing shows the English girl subject to the searching questions of the nun—the selfless woman who might have been a considerable painter, but who after her first Salon success had resigned her name and fame for the hidden life.

Miss Alice Corkran, as a journalist, is one of the authors whom more people read than know. She belongs, outside her work in fiction, to those who have also in their way chosen a hidden life, not only suppressing their names but as it were their very personality, in as much as they do plentiful work which is not known to be by one pen. The author who writes under an assumed name keeps at least his personality. Readers may not know who he is, but they know that he is one, and those who like his work connect his thoughts with each other and have, as it were, a personal relation with him. But the journalist loses, diffuses, disperses himself, breaks himself into fragments which

are not ticketed for gathering up at any time. Are the Religious Orders, we wonder, disposed to allow him a certain heroism? In the more solid parts of the *Queen* Miss Corkran's hand is at work week by week. She has done some of her most sympathetic papers on some of the Catholic charities of London. Among the many descriptions of Nazareth House, for instance, that which she contributed to the *Weekly Register* remains one of the loveliest tributes paid to heavenly charity.

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

St. Mary's Convent, York.

THOUGH Mary Ward, whose life has been recently published, was not technically its Foundress, St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York, really owes its existence to her, and the history of it, from 1686 to 1877, just edited by Father Coleridge, S.J. (Burns & Oates), may be looked on as a sequel to her biography. Greatly in favour with Pope Urban VIII., she came to England in 1639 with a recommendation from him to Queen Henrietta Maria, and founded a community in London. Driven thence by the Civil War, she took refuge in the North, where she introduced one of her nuns, Frances Bedingfield, to her kinsman, Sir Thomas Gascoigne. It was these two who, after her death, established the Institute of Mary, which was first located at Dolebank near Ripley, and was intended from the beginning to be a place of education for Catholic girls. Soon after, Sir Thomas and most of those who had been associated with him in this good work, were arrested and tried for participation in a plot, similar to that "discovered" by Titus Oates, which had been invented by some of his own discharged servants, the part he had taken in inviting and providing for the nuns having afforded a handle against him. He was, however, acquitted; but the first Superior, Catherine Lascelles, and the Director, Father Cornwallis, were imprisoned for some years.

Mrs. Bedingfield did not for some time take charge of the community in person, but she directed all its proceedings, and in 1686 purchased for it a house and garden on the site of the

present Convent, which it has occupied uninterruptedly ever since, and where, eventually, she came to reside. After some years of tranquillity she was, with her niece Dorothy, summoned before the Lord Mayor of York, who committed them both to gaol ; but she at once sent a letter to the Archbishop of York, requesting his good offices, and through the mediation of some influential persons they were soon set at liberty. They had certainly attained some degree of popularity for, though pursuivants were sometimes sent to them armed with search warrants, their good neighbours usually gave them warning in time to prepare for the inspection. Once, indeed, an infuriated "no popery" mob surrounded the house, but very soon retired without doing any mischief. As no obvious reason for this dispersal was apparent, the pious ladies attributed it to an interposition of St. Michael, whose picture they had hung over their front door. But they had evidently secured potent friends among their fellow mortals, for on the occurrence, soon after, of fresh alarms, the authorities not only offered to send them a guard, but "some of the lords" forthwith repaired in person to the Convent to protect it in case of need, showing that even in those unenlightened days all were not persecutors. Nearly a century later, when popular excitement once more assumed a threatening aspect, they again appealed to the Corporation, and with like effect. Though the letter reached the Lord Mayor while he was sitting at a banquet with the chief aldermen, a reassuring answer was immediately indited, signed by the most influential persons present, and some of the guests even left the feast to go themselves to the Convent and remain there until all danger was over. It is pleasant to read that, in gratitude to the worthy Mayor, the community presented him afterwards with a silver (snuff?) box.

The venerable Mother Bedingfield was not destined to end her days in her Yorkshire home, for in her 84th year she was commanded to return to the Mother House in Munich. Hitherto

this house with its branches and dependencies, though fostered and protected by Popes and bishops, had legally been merely not opposed or disapproved, and it was felt that some more positive recognition was highly desirable. But there were great difficulties in the way. The Institute of Mary, founded at Rome by Mary Ward, had been formally suppressed by Urban VIII, the community being looked on as Jesuitesses. It might almost seem as though a little of that jealousy of sex, which is not altogether unknown at the present day and in the business world, had actuated the opposition. One Yorkshire nun had been used to relate how the Father Confessor at Hammersmith had "instructed her and her companion, Mrs. Austen, in the rudiments of Greek and Hebrew, Geography and Astronomy," and, in days when ignorance was looked on by the majority of men as a female virtue, perhaps such an amount of learning was regarded as unfeminine; while the high sounding title of Chief Superior seemed plainly an encroachment of the inferior sex on masculine prerogative. But the advocate of the Institute, Cardinal Colredo, in applying to Pope Clement XI. in 1702 for his approbation of its rule, not only argued that the power of the Chief Superior was rather maternal than monarchical, but maintained "that in the Institute there was nothing whatever of what had been censured by Pope Urban, and that the main charges in the Bull [of suppression] were groundless as regarded the English ladies and their houses, and had been so from the very commencement of those houses. So far were the daughters of the Institute from undertaking, under the pretext of promoting the salvation of their neighbour, works that were unsuited to feminine modesty or the weakness of their sex, or such things as learned and experienced men would scarcely undertake or which they undertook only with the greatest circumspection, that it was a certain fact, public, well-known, and confirmed by the letters of recommendation from the bishops, that nothing of the kind was practised by the Institute, and that its members devoted them-

selves primarily, it might almost be said solely, to the education of young girls and to the sanctification of their own souls" (p. 110). Finally the Pope himself closed the discussion with the admirable dictum, "*Lasciate le donne reggere le donne*," and granted approval of the rule, reserving, however, "solemn approbation of the Institute itself" for some future time, which, as it proved, was very long in arriving.

The Convent had, from the first, carefully concealed its conventual character. Not only did its inmates abstain from addressing each other as "Mother" or "Sister," but "they dispensed with the externals of religious life even before the children who were under their care. Their dress, their manner of life, were to all outward appearance those of the graver matrons of their time, and they could receive their friends at their own table, and even return the visits of those who lived in the city. Their Protestant neighbours hardly knew what to make of them, or whether 'the great house without the Bar' was a nunnery as was suspected, or merely a school" (p. 122).¹ The elders felt this to be the only way to avoid danger, but, as we are told, it was little to the taste of the younger and more enthusiastic. There are records of novices entering when they were little beyond the age of childhood, and among these were evidently some whose zeal outran their discretion in more ways than one. Thus we read of Mother Cornwallis, who, "in the sixteenth year of her age wearied of the world and took refuge in the Institute," that "she was by nature weak and delicate, but in spite of this she was much given to bodily mortification, and subdued her body by disciplines, iron chains, hair-cloths, and very poor nourishment, so that her superiors and director were often obliged to restrain her fervour in them" (p. 135). Those of less austere inclinations were perhaps rather attracted than repelled by relaxations of the strictness of ordinary monastic rule, and may even have per-

¹ "In the schools the nuns were always addressed by the children a Madam.' They dressed in slate-coloured gowns, and wore caps and hoods" (p. 158.)

mitted themselves to feel pleasure in the worldly delights which were occasionally indulged in at festive seasons. Thus it seems that in October the children were taken to the annual Fair, and even "fairings" purchased for them, and "at 'king-tide' there were representations by the children of the three kings coming from the East, for which we find 'new red coats and masks bought, a red robe for the king,' 'a new black bag for the king's hair,' &c. Dancing followed, the relatives and friends of the children being invited to join in their festivities. York was then a favourite resort for the nobility and gentry of the country, most of whom had houses there, which they occupied during the winter months; and among the Catholics there was scarcely a family of rank whose children were not in the schools. Thus there must have been a large gathering for the Christmas festivities, and the good gentlefolk friends of the house, who were ready to be its protectors too should occasion arise, would have considered these festivities deprived of more than half their interest, if they had not been graced by the presence of the religious as spectators" (p. 159). Presents too were made them by secular friends, and in a list of these, preserved in a memorandum-book of one of the Superiors, we note, as a puzzle for the curious, the entry—"1753, a book of female academy in the school."

The last attempt at persecution which the community was called on to endure was when, in 1748, Dr. Sterne, Prebendary of York, imperatively summoned Mother Hodshon and the nuns there under her rule to quit the Convent and disperse, under a threat of putting all the iniquitous penal laws in force against them if they continued to keep a school and to support a priest. Cited for not attending Church, they pleaded "indisposition." But again influential friends interposed, and the demand was modified thus: the chaplain and pensioners should be dismissed and the number of resident gentlewomen limited. Eventually, on a hint that, were it asked personally as a favour, the Doctor might be rendered yet more placable, the Superior with

one companion waited upon and apparently so fascinated him that they not only had a gracious reception, but without any compromise of their principles found in him thenceforth rather a protector than a persecutor. This turn of affairs was again attributed specially to St. Michael.

While the education of the young was the main purpose of the Foundation, other works of charity were not neglected, and we read that, in 1770, "the religious at this period not only assisted the sick poor who were able to come to the house, but also visited in their own homes those who could not come. Without distinction of religion all who applied for relief received it, and the name of Mother Clifton [the Infirmarian] was known and blessed far and near" (p. 193.)

Under the rule of Mother Aspinal, which began in 1760, the Chapel was built and the Convent enlarged and improved, the Mother, in a letter quoted, expressing her anxiety "to have everything as neat and commodious as possible." What might have been the condition of things before, it is hard to conceive, for even after these improvements a curious picture is given us of the school accommodation. "The dressing-room and lavatory appliances were of the most primitive description—two basins near one of the schoolrooms commodiously sufficed for the cleansing of from 50 to 80 children, who hurried down in the morning eager for 'the first dip and a dry towel.' *Bona fide* bathrooms had no existence, an occasional acquaintance with the baths at Fulford, a neighbouring village, being supposed to supply the deficiency. Refectory arrangements were up to the same primeval level, pewter plates, porringers, and mugs being held amply sufficient for young ladies' dining and breakfasting requirements. In winter the heating, or almost non-heating of the house, if it made the young people hardy, did so at the cost of no slight discomfort; while the uniform dresses of that time, besides discountenancing personal vanity, were never changed with the warm and cold seasons" (p. 186). As a concession to

the Anti-Catholic bigotry of that day, the dome which formed a part of the original plan of enlargement was not carried to its full height, so that nothing in the exterior denotes that a chapel forms part of the Institution.

The intellectual provision for the pupils made some compensation for the lack of luxury. Admirable indeed was the system of Mother Coyney, who assumed the headship in 1810, and was evidently no commonplace person. Of her we are told—"Her strong point in regard to the instruction of youth was thoroughness. She was one of those earnest characters who can do nothing by halves. She was never weary of insisting that a lesson, were its subject only A B C, should call forth all the resources at the command of the teacher, and that no pains should be spared to make it interesting to the pupil" (p. 273). Her method of religious training was less satisfactory, being "conducted on a plan calculated to foster excessive anxiety in spiritual matters, rather than the more salutary spirit of generous and loving devotion" (p. 275). Her force of character of course affected the nuns as well as the pupils. When, after the repeal of the Orange Laws, the community felt no longer constrained to disguise their religious position, the nuns and novices had, in 1790, formally changed their lay dresses for the habit, veil, and girdle, and given up visiting their friends in the city. But now, under the impulse of Mother Coyney's zeal, they "began to keep enclosure in so far as to confine themselves to the house and grounds; and even the long standing custom of visiting the sick poor was consequently relinquished." This seems to have been no more conducive to their own health than to that of their neighbours, for the next twenty years record a long list of early deaths among the nuns, mostly under the age of 40, and several even under 30.

During the troubles on the Continent caused by the Napoleonic wars, the Mother-house at Munich was completely broken up; but such were the difficulties in the way of intercourse at that

period, that it was not until some years after, and only by means of strenuous efforts to obtain intelligence, that the event became known to the Institute in England, which then transferred its allegiance to the local episcopal authorities.

In 1877, the patient community at last received the long-deferred solemn Decree of Approbation from Pius IX., and in 1880 celebrated its Bi-centenary; and thus the history which began with records of unchristian intolerance and persecution, is brought down to the present time, when truer views of Christ's requirements leave the ladies at full liberty to carry on their useful work in peace and security, not only "none making them afraid," but all commending their goodness.

In dealing with characters in whom there is so much really deserving of praise, the tone of this History is necessarily laudatory, but the writer is not a mere panegyrist. She does not represent all as quite perfect. Some indeed she describes whose virtues could hardly be enumerated because they seem to have been all virtue, unrelieved by a single fault; but of others, the failings are allowed to peep out, sometimes perhaps undesignedly, sometimes as pure candid admissions. Their errors, however, are not very grievous. A little forgetfulness of the axiom that "Moderation, as a silken string, should run through the pearl chain of all the virtues;" a little despotism in the exercise of almost despotic power, after all does but prove them to have been human.

Nothing in this volume is more striking than the child-like faith of these pious ladies, fully shared apparently by their historian, for the book shows no weak concessions to the modern claims of science or spirit of scepticism. When the church linen is carried off the nuns invoke St. Anthony of Padua with more unhesitating confidence than a worldling of to-day would display in sending for the police; his portrait is threatened with dismissal from the Chapel in disgrace if the booty be not restored, and the next day it is left at their door. (p. 83.) Tradition to this day

asserts that the house, when surrounded by an angry mob, owed its safety to the apparition of a tall personage on a white horse, identified as St. Michael, the brandishing of whose sword over it at once quelled the rioters. (p. 85.) When the school-room takes fire a lay sister is called who merely throws upon the blazing timbers and ignited furniture her scapular, which, effective as our latest invented hand-grenades, quenches the conflagration as quickly and as thoroughly as though Capt. Shaw and all his brigade had been in attendance. (p. 152.) Again, when one of the Infirmarians was applied to by poor people suffering from all manner of diseases, cutting short all explanations of symptoms, by just "applying something pious, such as a medal or a scapular" and rubbing a little simple ointment somewhere, perhaps not even on the affected part, she would send her patients away with assurances of speedy relief, "which invariably ensued." (p. 194.) Even in quite recent days, cures of a withered arm in 1832, and a lame knee in 1844, both by the application of a piece of linen which had touched the hand of Father Arrowsmith, the martyred Jesuit, have been added to the record. It is mentioned that in each case Catholic surgeons attested the reality of the miracle; but the possibility of "Faith-healing" is now so well established that the most sceptical Protestant hardly need dispute the fact of such cures having been wrought, however lacking he might be in reverence for the means employed.

St. Mary's is indeed rich in relics. "The collection of such treasures now in possession of the Community comprises small portions of the manger of Bethlehem, of the Pillar of the Scourging, of the Crown of Thorns, and of the Purple Garment worn by our Divine Saviour in Pilate's house, a fragment of the veil of our Blessed Lady, with a considerable number of other less important relics. But the most precious of all—the great treasure of the house—is a singularly large relic of the True Cross." (p. 375.) With most commendable candour it is added, "Strange to say the period at which this treasure came into the possession of the

Community is unknown ;" and so of another relic—"the hand which a constant oral tradition affirms to be that of the Venerable Margaret Clitheroe,"—"it has been in the House from time immemorial ; but of the date or manner of its coming thither not a trace of information can be discovered." Thus there can be no room here for the charge so often brought by the incredulous of "manufactured evidence."

But as the nuns knelt before the picture of their patron 200 years ago, they kneel before it to-day, with just as full a confidence in its protecting power. The keen blasts which, in the outer world, sweep away our illusions as the tempest tears the withered leaves from the trees, too often carry off the true with the false, and rob our souls of what is most precious, leaving them bare and desolate ; such moral whirlwinds may rage around the Convent walls, but they penetrate no further. Pure in unconscious unenquiring innocence, its inmates have flourished and faded, generation after generation, in their "garden of the Lord," asking nothing but what are the duties required of them by their Superiors, desiring nothing but faithfully to fulfil those duties. Who will not say—May light from on high illumine their way, and peace from on high prosper their charitable labours ?

Z. FALCIONI.

Memorials of Frank Leward:

EDITED BY CHARLES AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Bampton to Frank.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE, *Oct. 5, 1848.*

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—How I wish you were with me here. For the first time in my life I am away from England and amongst castles of eld and mountains and Rhineland. I wonder whether there is any pleasure like this getting away from hard work in London and on circuit and going over with an amusing companion straight to Ostend and finding yourself in a land where all things are different to, and more interesting than, that you have been accustomed to all your life. We, Normanby and I, having looked on in luxurious donothingness for a short time at the assembled crowds at Ostend came on to lazy Bruges. There for three days we sauntered about the Grand Place and looked at the old red brick churches and the beautiful Memlings in the little room at the Hospital of S. John, where the good nuns nursed him and he repaid them in the best way a painter could by leaving them such works as raised my grovling soul heavenward, and appeared to be for richness and purity the noblest paintings I had ever seen. Then you know I have seen little besides our National Gallery and Lord Northwick's at Cheltenham. Lord Northwick's had too many Venuses and Cupids and allegoric paganisms to please me much. His dried-up Salvator Rosas did not interest me, only in spite of Ruskin whom I would generally follow as a humble disciple, I could not but admire his S. John the Evangelist by Carlo Dolci. But

Bruges is Mediæval and Christian and Catholic. When you see the good folks come to worship at the churches you see religion is a part of themselves, not as with us a something added on. How it goes along with them from their cradle, in every important act through life it comes in to sanction it and accompanies them shrived, made partakers of the highest mysteries, annealed with ceremonies used only at the final moment, and therefore the more solemn, to the tomb. And thus forwarded on their last journey it leaves them not alone, faith, love, devotion follow their departing souls and seek them out wherever they may be with unwearying prayer and cry after them for mercy, forgiveness, and delight. How different to our formal Protestantism which consigns good and bad alike to the grave with the same unmeaning words of praise and false comfort, which nobody believes, and goes away as though it dared not follow them, and as though the quality of God's mercy *was* strained and could not be appealed to just then when it is most needed.

We listened to the Carillion ringing out nearly all the whole day long from the top of the tower where the golden dragon used to be before the men of Ghent ran off with it, as we took our café at the Panier d'Or, having generally dined at the Fleur de Blé. How the quiet place takes you back and back to the olden time to all the fuss and bustle of the fourteenth century when Bruges was one of the world's busy places. How come they on the scene again the old burghers, the Van Artewelds, their friends and foes. Froissart comes back once more enjoying his good cheer again and chats familiarly to us. Then to Ghent with its Van Eyks at S. Gudule, how satisfying! If I began about Brussels and all the other places we went to in Flanders I should never stop, so I had better not begin. After all the old pictures and buildings I wanted to go to Spa but Normanby scorned the idea. He said there was a double zero, which was something in his opinion so terrible I gave it up at once, and we went on to

Aix la Chapelle and so to the Rhine at Cologne. Aix was full of people and some gambling was going on. Normanby went to see it while I visited the tomb of Charlemagne. Ruminating there on his life and death and burial it struck me what an epic might be made on such a subject as they put him, just where I was standing, in a palatial vault seated on his antique throne, in all his panoply of state, the gospel book open before him, a golden lamp to light his darkened eyes, great hero of a vanished age, with his good sword *joyeuse* at his side. I limned in my mind heroic staves and had got to the actual entombment:

“And by his side they buckled on *joyeuse*,
But never more from out thy glittern sheath
Shalt thou be drawn, O flashing sword.
Thee shall no weaker arm than his e'er wield,
So lie thou there and rust.”

I got so far with my epic, to be entitled “The burying of Charlemagne.” I don't suppose I shall ever get any further, for at that point came Normanby muttering something about double zeros and dragged me off to Cologne. I was disappointed with Köln and with its church. Too large and glaring it seemed to me to lack the spirit which generally consecrates mediæval architecture—a spirit of modesty and gentle resignation, yielding to the world the palm of worldly excellence, while it retires from competition content to do good, to be good, and by God's help to make beautiful and useful things for His honour and the good of poor souls, to try tenderly to lift them up above themselves and right to the skies, if they will only assist a little in the effort. At Köln there is too much self-consciousness attempt to excel to make something larger than others have made. The result is German vulgarity and glare clothed in Gothic form. The tender grace of our unknown benefactors, who laboured all their lives to make something worthy of Him who made them, is wanting. As a retribution the thing that was to be perfection is unfinished,

and appears to be likely always to remain unfinished, unless some heretic power in the pride of wealth, with the spoils of better people and with a disdainful patronising air, comes and finishes it for them. This would be a fitting end of a bad beginning, it might be for a good warning, and teach a lesson to those whose object is not to be as good as they can be, but finer than others.

Perhaps this is all prejudiced rubbish. I confess to having got a little bilious over the Rhine wine when I was at Köln, and I do not like the North Germans. They are too much like the English, and I came away for a change. I get enough of the English at home. When I got on one of the new packet-boats which navigate the Rhine I soon recovered. Bohn with its studenten I did not care too much for, but then came Coblenz and we went right up the banks of the blue Moselle on foot to Treves, and stayed at the Roth House. Then back again by boat. A far-off look lighted up poor old Normanby's eyes all the while, as though he had further distant projects ahead, all too deep to allow him to take a more than passing interest in the sights we saw. He looked on me as one on pleasure bent, while he had the business of life before him; something more real, more earnest, than the mere wandering pleasures of the tourist. He didn't say much, but I could see there was something great in his heart. I suspected what it was, and would not be hurried on too fast. Not Ehrenbreitstein, not even Lorlei nor all the other historic memories of the Rhine, could get from him more than a portion of his regards. So we passed them all. Asmanshauser, Johannisberg, Rudesheim, clothed with their vineyards, indeed did arouse for a moment his attention as though they were in some way connected distantly with his mighty projects, but the Schloss Rhinestein, whose massive walls, its miniature gardens, chapel, and fountain, the most complete specimen of feudal fortress, interested me more than I can say, were of small concern to him. We strolled, or at least I should have tried to stroll, through the Niederwald, if he hadn't forced me into a rapid pace, and then

passing loved Bingen we came to Maintz. At Maintz I firmly insisted upon bathing in old father Rhine's rushing invigorating waters. We took a boat and plunged into its ice-cold stream, carried onward carried downward in its torrent delicious ineffable. We rose some two hundred yards below where we had plunged. Who wouldn't be a German and love the Rhine! From Maintz we went over the bridge of boats and drove to Wiesbaden. There we emerged from the Middle Ages and became modern once again. Normanby grew frantic with delight and I did not ignore the fleeting pleasures of the world, the open-air concerts, the warm autumn weather, even the dinners. We lived in the open air except when Normanby dragged me into the salons. What a scene! Men and women, old and young, many nations, crowding round the green cloth tables while the chink of money drove away thoughts of other things. Their faces what a study! Greed, avarice, lust of gold. Some seeking distraction from themselves. "Trente-six rouge pair et passe." "Treize noir impair et manque." Such like cries all day long from the employés. Normanby did not play, though there was not a double zero; but he produced a large book in which, whenever I went into the spacious decorated rooms, I saw him working endless problems. I did the first day venture two or three thalers for amusement. At first I won, then I lost, then I gave it up. After three days of problem-working Normanby came home rather late and flushed and said he had found it. "Found what!" I said. "A system perfectly certain, but let us leave here." So we left next day. We walked right over the Taunus Hills to Hombourg, passing some pretty pastoral and mountain country, the people most courteous and polite. At Hombourg we found more open-air concerts, better dinners, larger crowds, finer Casino and other gambling saloons. Normanby produced his big book, which with our baggage had come round by Frankfort. Next day as I watched him I saw him stake and win and loose considerable sums. I got tired and went out to hear the band play

and enjoy a refreshing bath in Hombourg waters. At dinner Normanby came home happy eager excited and ordered a grand dinner and insisted on having the most expensive wines, which he told me were all to go down to his separate account ; of course I didn't object. Afterwards he let out that he had won considerably hinted that his fortune was made and held out hopes that I should not be forgotten. As we drank our café and smoked our cigars on the terrace looking out over those fine gardens whose illuminations were almost eclipsed by the full autumn moon I could almost fancy myself in fairyland so pleasant was the scene. There Normanby his honest old face lit up with a curious look like a mild Mephistopheles tempting Dr. Faustus revealed the secret of his success and discovered the talisman that should change his 300 a year into a fabulous large fortune. When he had won a little more he would increase his stake and make 400 a day easily. My non-mathematic mind could not follow and certainly could not refute his system, or understand the process by which he worked it out. Then he ordered more Schloss Johannisberger at the restaurant, and we returned to our inn to bed. His mind was too excited to play any more that night, but next morning after coffee and a bath his system was to be enforced coolly yet with vigour.

At dinner next night he came back looking fagged worn and old but quietly jubilant. Again he had succeeded. More Steinberg Cabinet and Johannisberg and another quiet evening. He said his calculations required so great an effort he could not play after dinner. Before we went back to bed, as we sauntered through the rooms among the crowd of gold-seekers, he pointed out one man with immense piles of gold before him, and told me his name which I forget. This man he said had several times broken the bank and had made enormous sums by his play, but though he had watched him carefully he could not discover what his system was. Perhaps he hasn't got one, I suggested, but that only showed my ignorance he said. In passing the Trente

et Quarante table Normanby casually threw down a few Frederick d'or and invariably won, either he had the philosopher's stone in his pocket or his luck was extraordinary. "You see, old fellow," he said as we walked home, "how easily a mathematician can do it. After two or three months of this I shall most likely take a little schloss near here or perhaps at Baden-Baden and drive over for an hour or so every day, that will be time enough to win a hundred or two. Of course I shall spend the season in London, one can't be working one's brains in this way all the year round. There will always be a room and a horse for you, old fellow, at the schloss Normanby and there's some fine deer-stalking at the Duke of Nassau's place. I expect too I shall want a little box in Paris, it *will* be jolly when you come over there to see me. By Jove, what dinners we shall have." "That comes from being a senior Op.," I said, "but don't make my mouth water too much, I feel hungry already," so he insisted on deviled chicken and champagne and then we went to bed.

Poor Normanby! he was at his post next morning with the punctuality of an old Roman soldier, but with different thoughts. Whether it was that he thought too much of his schloss on the Rhine or the little box and dinners at Paris I cannot tell, but about four o'clock in the afternoon when I had finished my reading for the day and was walking about the gardens I came upon the most forlorn wretched-looking Normanby that ever was. "His eyes of all assurance razed," as Dante says, in idiotic despair. I couldn't help laughing heartily in which he joined wildly it was so absurd. I saw it all in a glance. It wasn't necessary to ask a question. I took his arm and after a little I ventured "All gone!" "Every stiver," he said. "What, all the winnings of these latter days?" "Every stiver and that's not the worst, all I brought has gone too." Then he ranted at everything, he hadn't kept to his system, he had made a mistake in his calculations, he thought there must be something he hadn't anticipated. He cursed his luck, he used very strong expressions about his luck.

So we went home early. I advised him to lie down and sleep it off, so he laid down and didn't come to dinner. I had only a modest glass of German beer that day, poor Normanby had no dinner at all, his appetite was gone as well as his money. Next day I got up at six ordered our bill and had to pay after all for the splendour of the last day or two, which came to a considerable sum. Then I roused Normanby and never shall I forget his look when he sat up in bed. In dreamland he had forgotten his losses, there he was still a *Fortunatus* and about to be the lord of châteaux and horses and happy shooting grounds, but when he was quite awake and the reality of his situation came upon him all at once he groaned and laid down again. "We're off to Frankfort," I said, "I'm going to pack up your things." "Thanks, old man, let us get out of this," he said, and dressed most disconsolately, "but how about the bill?" he said. "Paid," said I. "Thanks, old man," that was all he could say. So we left the dazzling scene, and I suppose the same whirligig went on and other Normanbys would come to forge as gorgeous visions of pleasure and splendour without toil, fair fleeting dream, to go away as sad at heart.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, this old free burgher town, is an interesting place, with the kaisers hanging round its Römer walls, an irony in the republican city whence old kaisers have long been banished, as I fear they must be from all the world some day. I have heard here for the first time in Germany the great school of German music, and I look with reverence and love at the house where Mendelssohn enjoyed much happy time. Great Mendelssohn, little more than two years ago I saw him at Birmingham conducting his new oratorio, the greatest work of genius I think this dull earth has heard for many a day; will it ever hear such another? And why should such a man just showing us what he could do, just rising to the maturity of his power, giving the highest delight to those whom his early works had educated, why should he just then be taken from us, and leave

us so inadequately to imagine what he might have done? I remember how a tenor solo towards the end of the oratorio was being sung by a young singer Felix was so moved he could hardly go on conducting. Only such minds as his can realise and appreciate the sublimity of such productions. I had the pleasure and honour to meet him afterwards privately and heard him play, and accompanied him on my violin while he played a German air, I am very fond of. Though he must have known the grandeur of his compositions and have felt the divine afflatus that inspired them, he was the most modest of men, charming companion, happy and genial. What would one not have given to know him well, to have been his friend!

Oct. 6th.—I had almost forgotten in my descriptions of old towns and modern gambling places, and reminiscences of Mendelssohn, to tell you how things have been going on with me since I wrote last, and how it is I can afford to take this pleasant holiday. It is then in this wise. After I had gone Circuit some time and had got to know some of the leading juniors well they occasionally asked me to hold their briefs, or as the saying is to devil for them at Westminster, when having three or four cases on at the same time they found it difficult to attend to them all themselves. On one occasion I had been engaged all day in this way in a big case in which a good firm of solicitors were instructing my learned friends, and I had examined one or two witnesses, while the said friends were all out of court attending to other cases, and one of the said firm at the end of the day, to my great surprise, asked me where my chambers were, and said he wished to send me a brief in the morning so as to be certain of some one who would not leave him in the lurch, and in the morning sure enough the brief came with a respectable fee marked on it and I took greater interest than ever in the case. It lasted three days more, and afterwards they sent several instructions for pleadings and some briefs and I suppose were satisfied with my performances and perhaps mentioned me to other firms, for from that

time briefs came in at shorter and shorter intervals. But the crowning point was on circuit when a young man and his wife, a delicate-looking young woman, were charged with murdering an old man and were undefended, and I happening to be in the criminal court the Judge asked me to undertake the defence. It certainly did look a bad case as the evidence for the Crown came out. The prisoners lived near the old man on a wild almost uninhabited part of the Yorkshire moorlands. It was known that he was miserly and had stored up a considerable sum of money. The young woman and the old man had been on rather intimate terms while her husband was away at work at a place about eight miles off. On the evening of the murder, according to the dying depositions of the old man, the young woman came into his cottage disguised and stayed there for some time talking, and while she was there a man, whom he believed to be her husband from his voice, came and knocked at the door and while the old man was opening the door he received a blow from behind on the back of his head which knocked him down and partly stunned him. When he came to he found the woman kneeling on him and to stop his cries she rammed her own hair down his throat with a short stick. The stick was afterwards found in the cottage, and was produced in court, covered with blood and with some hair sticking to it. The two people then went off, taking with them what money they could find and leaving the old man dying. In the morning some one passing heard his groans and having given the alarm his depositions were taken and he died. The female prisoner next day changed two cheques which it was proved the old man had lately received, and several pounds were found in the cottage where the husband slept when at work, and one witness swore that he had seen the male prisoner near the old man's cottage about four o'clock in the morning after the affair. This was the case for the prosecution, and it took all day. After it was concluded I saw both prisoners separately. He seemed a good-natured stupid sort of fellow. She was a weak nice-looking

young woman of 22, apparently incapable of any act of violence, and was nursing her second baby a child of not quite three months old. The man declared he had slept at the place where he was at work all the night of the robbery, that it was harvest time and two men slept in the same room with him, both of whom had come up voluntarily to give evidence, and that his employer saw him at work at five in the morning. He accounted for possession of the money by saying his wife had given it him when he went home on the Saturday night before to pay their rent with. The woman said she had found the cheques next day near the old man's cottage when she went, hearing he had been attacked, to see how he was, and as she was being pressed to pay a bill, when she heard the old man was dead and no one was likely to claim the money, she used the cheques to pay it with.

The next morning I proceeded with the defence, and called the two fellow-servants of the man, who proved as he had said; then I called up the employer, who proved he was up at five in the morning and found the prisoner at his usual work. The female prisoner's father, a respectable sort of man, proved that he had given his daughter ten pounds a few days before to help her pay her rent that was in arrear. I had got out of one of the witnesses for the crown who knew the poor old man that some strange woman had been seen about his cottage a little time before, and I made the most of that. I saw the employer's evidence had got rid of the case against the husband, and I made most of the point that if the evidence against him which had seemed so strong had been shown to be unreliable, so the evidence against her should be looked upon with suspicion. As to the possession of the cheques, which was the feature in the case most damning, what was more probable than that the thief should have got rid of so dangerous a piece of evidence as a cheque as soon as possible by throwing it away as soon as he got outside, and what more likely than the female prisoner's story that she found them there, what more conclusive proof of her innocence than the very

fact that she dealt with those very cheques immediately after the robbery ; would, I said, one with a guilty conscience have done so? If too I said you are of opinion that the man who was admittedly there just before the blow was struck was not the husband of this woman, and who can say he was, after the evidence of the two men who slept in the room with him all that night, how could the woman have been my client, what male accomplice could she have except her husband? I did on the whole pretty well, and what do you think, old man, I quoted that curious instance of hanging an innocent man on mere circumstantial evidence which you told us of when you were in Van Diemen's Land. I had to put it as a supposititious case, but trusting to your great discretion and veracity I added suddenly, "That once actually happened, and by a British jury sitting as you are now that man was judicially murdered." I think the jury was struck by it and they acquitted both prisoners, which I confess was more than I expected. The Judge was very complimentary in his summing up, and afterwards I got a good many defences. Thus in less than three years since I was called I am earning a very tolerable income and one that is likely to go on improving.

I must now stop this unconscionably long letter. To-morrow we start homeward down the Rhine, then to Antwerp, where I look forward to seeing Rubens' great picture (how I dislike all I have seen of his yet!), and so back to London fogs and hard work. Write soon, old man, I want particularly to hear how you are getting on.—Yours as ever,

C. AUGUSTIN B.

P.S.—I have not been able to get any news from Southampton yet. I will do so as soon as I can and let you know.

Frank to Bampton.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,
April, 1849.

DEAR OLD BAMPTON—I feel more like myself again and more

nearly happy than I have for years. Im writing from one of the most beautiful places in the world I should think. From the Heads to Sydney you are surrounded by jolly looking country. I don't know what the Bay of Naples is like Ive been reading about lately, but I dont believe it can be more beautiful than this. There are bays running up from the river all the way along and they are beginning to build houses among the green tropical looking trees all about and the jolly air and blue sky and fine weather is splendid. There are the most tremendous lot of jelly fish you ever saw in the water. Its a flourishing place and before fifty years are past I expect all these hills and bays will be covered with villas and houses. Now I must tell you how I come to be here. I was sold up at last. After Johnson left as I think I told you I had to go on by myself. I paid Johnson £1000 besides what he put in and got it from the Bank. The improvements we had made were really worth more than double that. Then a drought came for once in a way it didn't rain up there for ever so long and the grass dried up and then the sheep died and the corn went off and the Maoris were starving and went off with a lot of the cattle that were left and the bank heard of it and got frightened and sent to say I must pay off my mortgage about £4000. So I went and saw the manager who put on a very long face and said his directors had told him to get the money at once, or do something or other a word I forget but I daresay you know. I hadn't had a good laugh these seven years or more but I really did laugh out loud right in his face. I fancy he thought my losses had turned my head he didn't know the relief I felt when I knew it had actually come and what I had been looking out for for some time was going to happen and I was going to be let off leading the life I had lead the last seven years through no fault of my own. It was like what I fancy a prisoner feels when he is let out of prison. So they took the place and when the drought's over and places go up the beastly bank will make a lot out of it. God bless them I look on

them as the best friends I have had for a long time. Johnson when he heard about it came to Wellington. He is doing very well down in the South and offered to help me pay off the mortgage but I said no thank you Ive done with New Zealand in this world. He even wanted to return the thousand which was very good of him for a thousand to him stands for double that to most people hes awfully fond of it. Hes a very good sort of a fellow though and will some day be a rich man out here.

The Bank gave me £60 to go on with and after a bit when I had seen my men and boys were all right I joined a ship getting up a crew and cargo for California. I suppose you've heard all about the rush of people there. They say they are starving in the midst of gold. You can get pretty nearly anything you like for corn or potatoes or any mortal thing to eat. I joined as first mate of this old hulk the Sandfly they call her. You know Ive no right to go first mate but you can go as anything you like to California. The Captain is an old fellow and must have been a smart sailor in his day and a gentleman hes been dead drunk the whole way so far and hes drunk now below and Ive had to take charge of the old tub. We've a rum lot of sailors thieves from all parts and we've called in here to get some more.

Our cargo is peculiar, rice from India and rum from Demerara via Hobart Town potatoes from the Huon in Van Diemens Land corn from New Zealand live stock and anything else we can get here.

We put in at Auckland and Bishop Selwyn came on board to say good-bye. What a good man that is. I was a little sorry to leave some of the people I had got to know at Wellington but the Bishop seems to belong to an old lot at home and like a sort of link with a life I might have led. He came to see me off at five in the morning and went a little way with us. Even our crew blaguards as they are gave him three cheers as he went off in the pilot boat its wonderful how the lowest blaguards in the world respect a thorough bred gentleman. While we were going

down the bay he went up to the bosun the only respectable sailor weve got who was at the wheel and asked him how the wind was. The simple old ass has a tremendous respect for any sort of parson he was in the navy once but he had never spoken to a Bishop before and got as red as fire and didn't know what to call him. I soon forgot saying good-bye when I was once more at sea. By Jove how jolly to feel yourself afloat knocked about by the waves and going right ahead with the breeze. I almost forgot the bothers I had had in New Zealand when the fresh spray and the jolly wind came bang in my face and we scudded on the old tub creaking like anything. I felt something like what we felt when we first left England when I and old Jones ran away. I wish he was here I often wonder where he is now poor old Jones. Say what you like old man this is better than farming or law either, and I bid farewell to New Zealand I hope for ever. It will be a great place in time but not for me. Some latin lines I learnt by heart at Upton came back to me as we stood out from Aukland from Horace arn't they about Teucer and Salamis, Cras ingens iterabimus æquor and auspice Teucro and all that and founding a new home somewhere else. That reminded me I had tried and failed and I wasn't sorry I had failed. Now old man good-bye we are off again for California in a day or two in the meanwhile I have my time pretty well taken up looking after the old man and the sailors. Ive got the Italian books you sent and mean to go at them if we are becalmed in the tropics. I will write again from San Francisco.

Dont forget my request in my last letter I cant hear anything
Yours F. LEWARD.

Same to the Same.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October*, 1849.

DEAR OLD BAMPTON—Just a few lines to tell you we have

got here for a wonder for I had to do all the navigating myself the old man wasn't the least use. It was smooth almost all the way. We went close by the Navigator Islands a bleak rugged looking place from the sea. After we got through the tropics pretty well we put into Honolulu. That is a jolly little place the people are the most simple easy going race you can imagine they came down to the ship with garlands of yellow flowers round their hats. We were introduced to the King Kamehamehamehaw or something he is as black as ink but very polite. I and a young fellow on board took a trap and drove right across the neck of land where the Town is and came out on the top of some high land and had a splendid view of the flat country and the sea on the other side. All the way along were bananas, the same we got in Demerara or something like them when I was there and guavas growing wild and the people all seemed pleased to see you. The women on horseback like men. Then there were cocoanut-trees and a lot of other tropical trees looking awfully pretty and cool. When we left a lot of dark well made boys swam out after the ship to say good-bye and dive for the money we threw them. I was sorry to leave them and promised to go back some day.

I suppose that beautiful Island will be spoilt before long if California goes on increasing. The girls are very simple-minded they come out at night and dance their native dances and are almost too good-natured considering the set of men we have on board. The language sounds very much like Maori and some words are the same.

It took us a month more getting here. This is a strange place it beats everything I ever saw. It was founded by Spanish Missionaries who came to convert the Indians and built churches and convents and schools and taught them to plant vineyards and orchards and corn and did a lot of good they say. It belonged to the Spanish Mexicans then now it's part of the United States and a nice sort of government it is. Its chiefly

canvas very few wooden houses are up yet but they soon will be. It's the highway to the gold fields and filled with an extraordinary crowd of all the neer do wells in the world and some pretty clever people too who might do well if they liked. I suppose I'm in the first lot so I must adopt their ways.

Our men have all bolted and left the old man and myself and the old bosun to take care of the ship. It's impossible to get any sailors here they only laugh at you if you try and if we could there's no cargo to take back. Everything that comes here is greedily devoured and nothing goes away but gold so we are going to lay the old tub up and look out for ourselves. We made lots of money on the trip and I got a share. The captain I expect will stop in town till hes drunk all his money I dont know what he will do then. The bosun says he hates landsharking and such a beastly lot of gold and he'll soon get a ship somewhere. As for me like every one else Im off to the diggins tomorrow so good-bye for the present. If Im alive and not shot Ill write again when I get a chance. If you send a letter to the Blow House San Francisco, it is a blow house, I may get it when I come back. Do send me an answer to my question. I feel almost happy again at the thought of going to Sierra Nevada and new country Yours F. LEWARD.

To be continued.

An Address, Some Prelates, and a Press.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, happy everywhere, was especially happy the other afternoon, when, in brightest June weather, he drove through the dreary pretence of Villadom in North-west London, and stopped at last in an honest, if ugly, thoroughfare—the Harrow Road. Over the same ground he had gone nearly seventy years ago, bound by coach for Harrow with all a schoolboy's airy anticipations, not one of which shaped itself to a Cardinal's hat. What was then fields and woodland is now a wilderness of houses; and there is nothing to outer eyes to attract the attention of a prince of the Church, whose memories in the few moods when he indulges them are for far different scenes. Green England—the country side, with its churches planted by every hill—these are dear to him among reminiscences of old days. “Nay, I loved the parish church of my childhood, and the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years, became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home.” Yet among the denizens of towns has his lot been cast—a pastoral care truly enough, with sheep herded in houses instead of on hills. To redeem their days, and to put straight a city's confusion, has been the constant toil of this Royal Commissioner on the Housing of the Poor (whose report a government is guilty to ignore), this builder of schools, this friend of sinners, but hater of publicans. Yet, as a

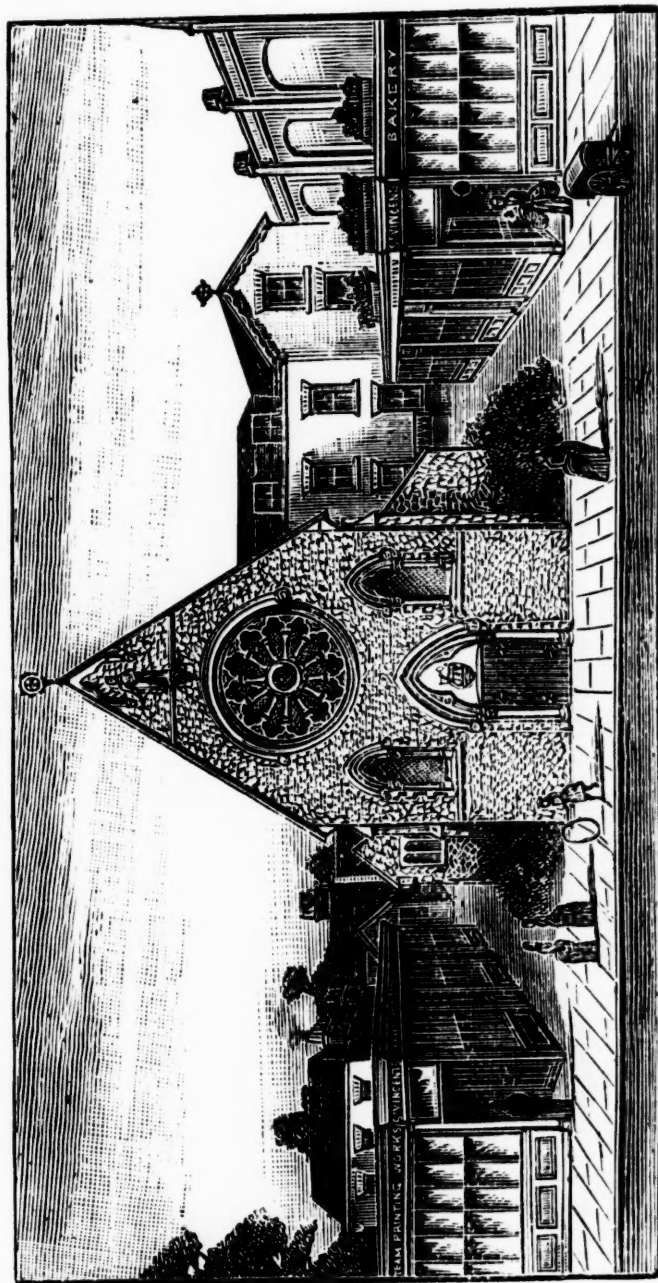
landmark, a public-house has its uses ; for when the hansom-driver hailed in Piccadilly by intending visitors to the Westminster Press that afternoon was told to drive to St. Vincent's Home, he wore blank looks, which brightened away when further information was vouchsafed him—"near to the Prince of Wales'."

St. Vincent's Home stands, and will long stand, a monument to the devotion and generosity of the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas. It houses some seventy boys—otherwise outcasts—training them in crafts and callings in which industry is the pledge of success. The bakery is known, by its carts, all over London. It has its romance, but what, I suppose, is called its prosaic side will bear inspection—it leaves, at the end of every year, a balance on the right side, which goes towards the support of the Home. The printing works, established about the same time, proved a greater difficulty. It is a simpler process to digest bread than to digest a book ; and so also to produce a loaf than to produce a volume. Of late, however, under a skilful manager and enterprising "backers" (with Mr. Andrew Tuer, the mentor of London printers, looking on approvingly and kindly), St. Vincent's Printing Works have made leaps and bounds, and, under the new name of The Westminster Press, have become a centre of industry gratifying to all beholders. The addition to its plant of the fastest newspaper machinery yet invented—instruments of almost human intelligence, which turn the sheet in mid air to print on both sides of the paper in one convolution—was made the occasion of the little festival over which the Cardinal Archbishop, punctual to the moment, came to preside. There was a group of visitors besides—oblates of St. Charles all of them, save one, Father Philip Fletcher, who came from the Sussex which the Archdeacon had loved, and not very far from his own Lavington either. Father Douglas Hope, a son of St. Charles himself, and the successor of the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, was, as ever, the friendliest of hosts. In

Dickens's *Dictionary of London*, St. Charles Borromeo is described as St. Charles "Borrows." But he also lends, and on this occasion the Westminster Press and its friends were the borrowers, using St. Charles's cups and saucers, and eating his excellent bread, with a light heart. Sir William and Lady Butler, Mr. and Miss Walmesley, Mr. John George Cox, and Mr. Edwin de Lisle, M.P., Mr. Guy Ellis and Mr. Gilbert Ellis, Mr. Bellasis, Mrs. Vernon Blackburn and Mr. Vernon Blackburn (arriving from Fort Augustus just in time for the ceremony), Mrs. and the Misses Lenox Prendergast—these were some of the friends grouped round the Cardinal when Mr. Cox stepped forward and read the following address :

Ever welcome as is your Eminence's presence among us, we, the workers at the Westminster Press, feel a particular pleasure and pride in it to-day. The printing works, founded some ten years ago by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas as a centre of benevolent activity, have, under your Eminence's fostering, flourished exceedingly. What was modestly begun mainly as a means of teaching an honourable craft to boys in St. Vincent's Home, has grown to be, besides, a place of large public utility. When your Eminence first confided to our press the MS. of a volume, neither the printers nor perhaps their patron saw in it the auspicious pioneer of the whole library since produced for leading publishing firms of London. The carefulness of our work being thus approved, our powers of speed are put to test by the issue of two weekly newspapers, and our finish by the production of illustrated magazines. The result of this public favour is to be seen in the extensions your Eminence inaugurates and blesses to-day, when we open a new machine room, built and fitted on the most approved plans, at a cost of nearly £2,000.

The happy connexion between Catholics and the first practice of printing in this country is well-known ; and it is fitting that the handicraft, begun by Monks of Westminster with rude implements, should now be carried to final perfection of mechanical contrivance, under an Archbishop of Westminster, at the press bearing a name borrowed from him and from them. And your Eminence's presence also recalls to us the fact that the two first presses established in Rome, in the middle of the 15th century, were superintended by great scholars of Episcopal rank : the Bishop of Aleria ; and Campanus, Bishop of Teramo, who allowed



ST. VINCENT'S HOME, HARROW ROAD.

(Before the additions to the Westminster Press),

himself no more than three hours' sleep from his duty as a corrector of proofs, and who died of it before Pius II. could fulfil his intention to bestow on him a Cardinal's hat. In France, the first type used was that imported in 1740 to the College of Sorbonne by its Prior. If times have changed since then, and proof-readers are no longer prelates, nor compositors knights, like their first forerunners, for us at least there remains the greatest of privileges and honours—we mean your Eminence's constant kindness and fatherly interest—a consideration exceeding even that which Ulric Han received, more than 400 years ago, from Cardinal Bessarion. Gratefully acknowledging these treasured marks of paternal regard, we beg a continuance of your Eminence's protection and blessing.

At the close of the address, Master Everard Meynell—a little boy arrayed in white—presented the Cardinal (whose godson he is) with a bunch of white roses, a similar bunch being presented to Lady Butler by his elder brother, Master Sebastian Meynell. His Eminence then rose to reply, and when the cheers of guests, compositors, printers, and printers' devils, had subsided, made one of those happy speeches in which none excel him. "I did not think to live to see these two magnificent machines—one called 'The Roll Call'—and I rejoice that Lady Butler's name is associated with it—and another which, from its grimness, and ghastliness, and ponderousness, has received my name. I remember the time when the greatest achievement of the Westminster Press was the publishing of handbills and notices. I do not think there was ever a book or a volume struck off from the Westminster Press until I had the happiness of committing a few MS. to it." Mr. Cox then addressed a few words of thanks to Lady Butler for her pleasant part in the day's proceedings. With an expression of thanks, couched in terms of bright banter, for "the historical allusions" of the address, His Eminence passed them over; and there was much questioning, over afternoon tea, as to what manner of men these printers of unfamiliar names might be. In view of the discreet reticence then generally observed, a few words about them may be added now, with the help of a Biographical Library at hand. Campanus was—what

some of us have often dreamed it would be delightful to be—the son of a peasant. But to till the soil, and to be the swain of his coy Phyllis, was not all this boy's heart beat for, or perhaps it was his father's ambition, and not his own, which called in the village curate to teach the lad Latin. Such progress did he make as a scholar, and such the fostering of the Church, that he was soon found in the company of men of letters, till, through the friendship of Cardinal Bessarion, his name reached the very ears of the reigning Pontiff, who forthwith invited him to the Court of Rome. There it was that he met Ulric Han, in about the middle of the fifteenth century. And the German printer, at the head of the Roman Press, knew at once that he had got in Campanus a "Reader" such as four succeeding centuries have not eclipsed. He not only "read" the proofs of Ulric Han's famous editions of Quintilian, and Livy, Cicero, and Suetonius, but he prepared the "copy" for the Press, editing ancient authors with consummate scholarship. Created Bishop of Crotona by Pius the Second, he was translated to the more prosperous See of Teramo, and would have been made a Cardinal had Pius lived. Sextus the Fourth afterwards appointed him Governor of Fulgino. And yet he was not happy. The heart of the peasant beat under the over-ladening purple; and we find him suspected of sedition, in the odour of which he died at the age of only fifty. There is a pompous inscription over his tomb at Sienna; but his memory is kept green in the Harrow Road. Of Adreas, Bishop of Aleria, it may be said that he is dead as a Prelate, and lives only as the proof-reader for the Press of Sweynheim, at Subiaco, and in Rome.

In thinking of those old times, it is difficult not to regret them. Then the craftsman was the artist; and "high art" had not become the profession of the capitalist who degraded the true craftsman into a "workman," or a "hand." Shall we ever see a revival of that spirit, and gentlemen standing at the "cases" bringing all the skill of education to the selection and the

designing of types? Apart from the benefit to the country's printing, there is wholesomeness and even security in the habit of every English gentleman learning, as his German brother does, a handicraft. No better one than printing is to be found, it is an exercise at once intellectual and manual; and its endowments, were those even to be counted upon, could always suffice, and would, in some cases, be magnificent. Why will not the Westminster Press, to its other astonishing developments, add this also—the formation of a School of Printing for the sons of gentlemen under conditions suitable to all the circumstances. These are the days of technical education and they are the days, too, of great social transitions. Peradventure the Westminster Press may be destined to play part in the solving of the problem so difficult to the hearts of the fathers of many sons.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

Old English Catholic Missions.

Cumberland (PENRITH).

Of the Catholic Mission Registers now deposited at Somerset House, the first upon the list is that of Penrith in the county of Cumberland. [No. 19.] Of no particular interest, it consists of four leaves only, the baptismal entries dating from "the opening of the Chapel, Jan. 27, 1833," until Sept. 30, 1838. The Register itself was forwarded to the Commissioners, Nov. 3, 1840, by the Rev. Geo. Leo Haydock, who styles himself "the present Incumbent, appointed by the Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Briggs, near York." During the period over which it extends, the priests in charge appear to have been the Revs. John Dowdall, James Seddon, J. Fielding Whitaker, and H. Newsham. Of the last-named it is recorded at the foot of p. 5, that he was "stationed here at least in August, 1834, and seems to have only registered the Baptisms with a pencil at y^e end of y^e Ritual in haste, intending perhaps to put dates, &c., afterwards. Displeased at some reports, he got removed, Oct., 1836."

Dorset (LULWORTH CASTLE).

The Lulworth Castle Chapel register, [*Dorset*, No. 16.] a large folio volume, of which only some seventy-five pages are filled, dates from March 24, 1755, the Rev. Charles Plowden, S.J., being apparently the first who ventures to enter his name as "Sacerdos," Nov. 20, 1785. Other Fathers in succession from the year 1790, who served the mission there, were the Revs. A.

Clinton, J. Jenison, Leonard Brooke, John Joseph Reeve, Joseph Tristram, and lastly the Rev. E. B. Moutardier who, as chaplain to the Weld family, on forwarding the volume to the Commissioners writes: "As burials, with exception of a few in the family vault, are in the parish churchyard, no regular register has been kept: the first registers of births and baptisms do, however, date from the year 1755, *Prayers* being then said, and baptisms administered within the castle."

Among the conditional baptisms, probably those therefore of converts, are the following:—

"6 Dec., 1818, Hannah Bartlet, sub conditione, ætatis suæ, 26.		
17 Jan., 1819, Joseph Shott,	"	" 16.
24 June, 1820, Eliz. Cobb,	"	" circa, 37.
4 Nov., " Maria Baggs,	"	" " 18."

The last entry in the book is "29 Sept., 1840, Mary Parmiter, æt. 34, sub conditione baptizata est."

Durham (ANCROFT, HAGGERSTON CASTLE).

The Haggerston Castle register—the first of the Durham collection—dates from 1790, from which year until 1832, the chaplain appears to have been the Rev. Michael Tidyman, who died on May 4th of that year (*Laity's Directory*, 1833), the priests following being the Revs. William Birdsall, James Anderton, Richard Tyrer, Geo. J. A. Corless, and Robert Smith, while among the conditional baptisms of converts are those of Mary Gilly and Eliz. Sotherland, 17 June, 1835; Eliz. Westle, Oct. 11th, and Thomas Hogarth, Dec. 15 of the same year; Margaret Murray, Alice Westle, Jane Grant and Mary Graham, all upon 13 Mar., 1836; Mary Boyd, 1st June, 1836, and Mary Harrington, 15 April, 1838.

Bishop-Wearmouth.

The register of St. Mary's Chapel, Bishop-Wearmouth, opens

only with the year 1809, though the Rev. William Kearney, priest there in 1840, tells the Commissioners that "the old Catholic Chapel was opened in 1790." No baptismal register appears to have existed here before 1809.

Darlington.

This register of St. Augustine's Chapel—a small book of 30 leaves only—is entitled: "Baptismal register of the Darlington Congregation from 10 July, 1783: until page 25 inclusively, extracted from the Baptismal register preserved at Stockton by Rev. Thomas Story." The clergy successively in charge here appear to have been Revs. John Daniel, William Coghlan, Lewis le Cronrier, Thomas Story, Jos. Curr, and Will. Hogarth.

Durham [ST. CUTHBERT'S.]

• "Saint Cuthbert's Chapel, Old Elvet, of the Secular clergy and the Jesuits' Chapel,"—the latter being "closed in 1827,"—are returned as "founded from time immemorial." The baptismal and marriage register of the former dates from 1739, but a register of a considerably earlier date is curiously enough still in the custody of the Durham clergy, so that all could not have been sent to the Commissioners: in this some familiar Northern Catholic names occur: *e.g.* "Margaret Carnaby, ob. 11 Jan., 1708-9. Margaret Pudsey, ob. 19 July, 1717; Mary Garnett, ob. 21 April, 1718; John Forcer, ob. 25 Dec., 1725,"—The register of the Jesuits' Chapel, served by the Fathers Edward Walsh and John Scott, S.J., dates from 1768. In the St. Cuthbert's book, a closely written volume, and after the entry of the baptism of Sarah Watson, 20 Jan., 1746, occurs the following note: "Not continued for y^t. year, probably on acc^t. of y^e difficulty of y^e Times." The priest's name first entered in this

register is that of Nic. Clavering, Nov. 10, 1778, singularly enough the year of the passing of the first Catholic Relief Act.

Croxdale.

St. Oswald's Chapel, Croxdale [No. 18.], the seat of the Salvin family, is also returned by the Rev. Thomas Smith in 1840, after a thirty-two years' residence there as priest in charge, as "founded from time immemorial." The register, a neatly kept and clearly written volume of 44 pp., only dates from 1801. On its fly-page is the following entry: "Some priests, Incumbents in succession of Croxdale congregation. Rev. Kendal, about 1730, Hankin, Waram, Dunn, Taylor, Talbot. Arthur Storey came Augt. 9, 1771, left 1808. Thomas Smith came to Croxdale 1802, succeeded A. Storey, 1808."

Esh-Laude.

No. 19, the Esh-Laude register, is in two books, Book I, "Liber Baptisatorum + ad Majorem Dei gloriam," 1795-1828, being partly indexed. On its cover is written: "The Rev. John Yates came to Newhouse, near Esh, Durham, 17 June, 1795; he departed this life 1 June, 1827, at Esh-Laude, aged 62, and was buried at Ushaw. Rev. William Fletcher came to Esh, 9 June, 1827." Book II. continues the register from 13 April, 1829, and it is added that "Rev. Roger Glassbrook venit ad Esh-Laude an. 1837." The mission is returned as "founded in 1790."

Hartlepool.

The register of St. Hilda's Chapel, Hartlepool, covers only a period of six years, viz. 1834-1840. The Rev. Will. Knight, in the "*Laity's Directory*" for 1840, announces "Divine Service at

half-past 10 in the morning." In the "Directory" for 1835, he writes, "This Chapel, which has been erected principally by a Lady long resident of the town, is supported only by the small sum which is paid for the Sittings," and he appeals to visitors to help him in "the necessities of this new mission."

Houghton-le-Spring.

This register, No. 26, dates only from 1831. The Rev. James A. M'Evoy, when forwarding it from St. Michael's, in 1840, writes, "I should perhaps have observed that a new Catholic Chapel, under the above designation, St. Michael's, and situated a short distance out of the town or village of Houghton-le-Spring, was opened on 7th November, 1837. For about seven years previously a private room in Houghton-le-Spring served as a chapel, and was used for that purpose exclusively." In the "Directory" for 1833, he appeals for help in his mission, as "the *first* resident priest there since the Reformation."

Joseph, George, and John, three sons of John and Mary Magee, are entered in the register as baptized, *sub conditione*, 14 April, 1833, the dates of their birth being left blank.

Lanchester and Pontop Hall.

St. Cuthbert's Chapel, Lanchester, No. 28, and the Mission attached to Pontop Hall are returned as founded in 1748. Of the clergy, the name of John Lingard occurs as priest here in 1796; John Jones, Thomas Eyre, John Bell, also are named as priests, the last named arriving at Pontop 1st April, 1803. The following entries are extracted from the "Registrum obituum in Congregatione de Pontop ab initio Nov. 1778."

"1780. 18 Jan. Obiit Margarita Punshon, mater Gul. Punshon de Bushblades, quæ in hanc congregationem venit circa mediam

æstatem usu rationis orbata præ ætate, et propter hunc defectum sancta tantum extrema unctione sublevata est.

"Die 19 Jan. 1781. Obiit Joa. Winship prope Pixton, cum vix horam graviter et periculose ægrotasset, non eram certior factus ut sacmā ministrarem, sed circa initium ejusdem mensis, ad sacmū penitentiae &c accesserat.

"20 April, 1781, Obiit Ric. Carrick. inter 6 & 7 annos natus, qui orare didicerat, sed non eram monitus ut illum viserem ante mortem."

A second book,—*"Registrum Baptismatorum in congregatione de Brooms: ad Majorem Dei gloriam"*—for the period 1827-1839 was forwarded together with the foregoing in Oct. 1840, by the Rev. Thomas Gillett.

Monk-Haselden.

No. 30 is the register of Hardwick House and Hutton House in the parish of Monk-Haselden, "the chapel of Hardwick being removed to Hutton House in 1825;" so writes the Rev. Thomas Augustine Slater, its custodian since 1822. Of his aged predecessor, the Rev. Christopher Rose, Fr. Slater also writes, 7 Feb. 1827: "The undersigned successor to the Rev. Mr. Rose by whom Joseph Sidgwick was baptised has been unable to find any register of baptisms kept by the late Mr. Rose, and believes no such registers are existing. But in these circumstances nothing further can be done than for the undersigned to declare his firm conviction that such a baptism did take place on or about the 10th Dec. 1796, from the general and regularly exact conduct of Mr. Rose in the discharge of his duties." The register dates from 1808.

Stella.

Two other Durham books complete the collection for that

county. The first is that of the Chapel of St. Thomas Aquinas, Stella, in the parish of Ryton, and is entitled "*Liber Baptizatorum Missionis Stellanæ in agro Dunelmensi ab anno Dñi MDCCLXXV., inchoavit Thomas Eyre, Derbiensis, C.A.D.A. Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*" The Rev. Thomas Story appears to have succeeded here in 1792, and to have been followed afterwards in succession by the Revs. William Hull, R. Glassbrook, Joseph Dent, Thomas Cock and Vincent Joseph Eyre.

"1776. 12 Jan: natus et baptizatus, Thomas, filius Thomæ et Annæ Berwick (olim Pratt.)"

Stockton-on-Tees and Darlington.

The last register in this county is that of St. Mary's Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees, (No. 48), dating from 1783, which is also returned as the date of the foundation of the Mission. A note states that "the Rev. Thomas Story died on Friday evening, 13 Sep. 1822, having rec^d all the rites of the Church: Req. in pace," that Joseph Curr arrived at Stockton, 2nd Oct., in the same year, being succeeded 18th Nov., 1826, by Joseph Render, whose place was in his turn supplied by Joseph Dugdale, 10th Oct., 1830.

Hampshire (LYMINGTON.)

Of the Hampshire Missions, the registers—dating from 1803 to 1840—of one only are located at Somerset House, those namely of "Lymington, Pilewell House, and Rook Cliffe." Father William Waterton, S.J., on forwarding the two register books to the Commissioners, writes upon the cover of one of them: "I came to Pilewell as chaplain, 28 Oct. 1826, and from that time to the present day, 3 Nov. 1840, all the names in this book were duly entered by me." The names of the clergy that occur in it from 1803 downwards are, J. Blot, John Alleway,

Thomas Tilbury, Rev. Dom. Le Tellier, Presb. Gal. (absente Thom. Tilbury), John Brown, John Leadbetter, and lastly William Waterton, S.J. The entries in the second book—1813-1815—"Registre des Baptêmes, &c.," which consists of only a few leaves, appear to have been made by the Rev. François Marie Le Tailleur, perhaps the French refugee priest of the diocese of Rouen mentioned by Canon Plasse in his "*Clergé Français réfugié en Angleterre*," who names also the Abbé Le Tellier as at Lymington about the year 1806. [Id. ii. 190.]

Ware.

One Hertfordshire Mission Register—No. 37—dating from 1832 to 1840, is also all that represents that county. It is described as the "Register of Baptisms, &c., in the Flock of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" in French Horn Lane at Ware. The clergy in their order are Revs. Fred. Inglis, Will. Watson, Fred. Elwell, William Smith, and J. L. Miller. Though of so recent a date, the old fear to mention the word "Priest" betrays itself, for it is added that the register is "in the custody of the *Pastor*, Joseph Lawrence Miller of 5 Artillery Street, Bishopsgate, in the Liberty of the Old Artillery of the Tower Hamlets, who has kept it since 1839 as *Chief Pastor* of the Congregation."

Lancashire (BLACKBURN.)

It is worthy of note that from the Catholic County of Lancashire, only one register, that of St. Alban's, Blackburn, No. 21, was forwarded to the Commissioners. In six books, and covering the period 1782-1837, it possesses, however, little curious matter, being chiefly valuable on account of the large number of entries it contains. No priest's name, previous to that of Richard

Abbott in 1813, appears to be entered, nor is the date of the foundation of the Mission hinted at.

Lincolnshire (MARKET-RASEN.)

Lincolnshire supplies two registers. The first, No. 43, is that of Market Rasen. The Mission is returned by the Rev. Francis Willoughby Brewster in 1840 as founded in 1782, the register proper dating from 1797. Pinned inside, however, are some extracts of an earlier date from the prayer books of private individuals: the first, *e.g.*, being as follows: "Mary Champney was *bawrn* 16 Nov. 1765." Further on comes: "Extractum e libro Precum Janæ Cash: 27 Feb. 1777, James Cash bap. by Rev. Mr. Johnson." Two other priests' names occur in these extracts, "Mr. Lisley" in 1781, and "Mr. Alaine" in 1794.

Osgodby.

The Mission of Osgodby, co. Lincoln, No. 47, is returned as founded in the year 1793. The register is in two books, dating from 1799, and, like its predecessor, No. 43, contains many entries of the family of Young. In Book I. occurs the following entry: "The Rev. James Egan commenced the duties of *Pastor* at Osgodby under the auspices of the Holy Mother of God, 20 Aug. 1839."

Northumberland (ALNWICK.)

Ten Mission Registers are forwarded from Northumberland. The first is that of St. Mary's Chapel, Barliffgate Street, Alnwick returned in 1840 by the Rev. John Fishwick as founded in 1769, the registers dating from 1794. The Rev. Francis Howard writes in Book I, "I introduced my people into my new Chapel in

Alnwick the 14 Aug. 1796, and on 21 of the same month were confirmed by the Right Rev. Will. Gibson "twenty-seven people. Later on the death of Fr. Howard is recorded as on 9 March, 1802. For his life and that of his successor, Fr. John Beaumont, S.J., See Foley's "*Collectanea*, S.J." "21 Mar. 1802, was baptized at Lemington by the Rev. M. Gautier, French exiled clergyman, Margaret, da. to Thomas and Jane Anderson." Among other clergy named in the register are the Rev. Thomas Gillow of Callaly, in 1802, and John Beaumont in 1813. This Mission was given up to the Bishop of the diocese in 1857.

Alwinton.

The register of Biddleston Chapel and Biddleston Hall in the parish of Alwinton [No. 8], next follows, and is returned, 28 Oct., 1840, to the Commissioners, by the Rev. George T. A. Corless, D.D., as that of a mission "founded about the year 1200," Catherine Clavering being named as "proprietor." The register dates from 1767, and the mission appears to have been under the care of the Benedictine Fathers, one of whom, the Rev. J. Naylor, on 10 July, 1786, makes the following entry: "Christopher Davidson of Yeldon [?] was married by me to Ann Frizzel [?] of the same place, Protestant, the 10 July, 1786, and promised to be married at church the next day, but afterwards refused to be married to her or own her for his wife: he has since married another woman with whom he lives at present, and Ann Frizzel has married another man at Alnwick."

Subjoined are a few specimen entries in the register of more or less interest:

"John Athey [?] of Harbottle Village was married to Elizabeth Redhead, 28 Feb., 1838, not in the Catholic Church but in the Protestant Church, without leave and consent of his pastor, Joseph Howard, Miss. Ap."

"Anne Brown obiit apud Biddleston die 2 Mar., 1838, sine

absolutione et sacri olei perceptione per negligentiam illorum habitantium cum illâ : aged 82. J. T. Howard, Miss. Ap."

"Henricus Stourton, filius secundus Hon. Caroli et Luciae Stourton obiit collegii, 24 Feb., 1838, absolutione et sacri olei perceptione munitus. R.I.P."

"Rob. Hixton, many years gamekeeper at Biddleston, died 15 July, 1825, aged 86. R.I.P."

"Will. Graham of Burradon, in the parish of Alwinton, died on 18 of April, 1824, in his 95th year, sac. SS. munitus. R.I.P."

The number of communicants at Biddleston Hall in 1837 is reckoned at 82, and in the same year 10 converts were "taken in to the Church," all of a humble class.

Bellingham.

The Mission of St. Oswald's, Bellingham, is stated by the Rev. Nicholas Brown, when writing to the Commissioners, to have been founded in 1794, and he adds that "a new chapel was opened in 1839." The baptismal register dates from 1794 to 1837; that of the deaths, however, is earlier and extends from 1775 to 1790. The book is much faded and discoloured. The Benedictine Fathers had at one time charge of the mission.

Berwick-on-Tweed.

The register of the Mission at Berwick-on-Tweed, No. 13, also a Benedictine one, dates from 1793, and contains little of interest. "The books sent," writes the Rev. M. E. Smith in 1840, "are not very correct as to order, on account of the many clergymen who have been here from time to time, but they are authentic beyond a doubt: [please have the kindness to return them after inspection.]" From the words in brackets being afterwards erased, it would seem that Mr. Smith imagined that he was merely lending his register to the Commissioners.

Bywell St. Peter's.

The register of "Bywell St. Peter's, Minstreacres Chapel," dates from 1795, the mission being returned by the Rev. Edward Brown as founded five years previously. It calls for no particular notice.

Cheeseburn Grange.

Of more interest, however, is that which follows, "Cheeseburn Grange and Stella in the parish of Ryton," dating from 1775. The Rev. Thomas Cock, chaplain there from the year 1817, writes to the Commissioners in 1840: "The Chapel at Cheeseburn Grange in the parish of Stamfordham, in the county of Northumberland, belongs to Edward Riddell, Esq., of the said Cheeseburn Grange, and was duly certified as a place of Public Religious worship in the year of our Lord 1792, and was registered for the solemnization of marriages therein, 28 April, 1840. It had been used as a place of public religious worship, I do not know how long, but during the time that two chaplains, the Rev. Messrs. Haughton and Taylor, officiated there; before the Rev. Dominic Phillips took charge of Cheeseburn Grange congregation previous to the 4th of March, 1775." He returns the "date of foundation" of the mission, however, which occasionally appears to have been under the care of the Dominican Fathers, as in the year 1768. One of these, Father James Sharp, O.P., writes in Book I.: "I do not find any register before the time of Mr. Dominic Phillips, O.P.; the following are copied from a loose paper in his handwriting." Fr. Sharp then transcribes a baptismal list from 1775 to 1783, and adds, "the Rev. Mr. Phillips departed this life at the Grainge, Aug. 7, 1783, and was succeeded by me, James Sharp, Ord. Præd.: I came July 22, 1784." A few extracts from the register will suffice to illustrate it:

"10 Jan., 1786. Died George Elliot of West Matfen, a convert, om. sacr. Eccl. munitus.

"1787, 26 Feb. Married George Jonson et Mary Simmons, a Catholic. George Jonson was a Postulant ad fidem, and signed a paper of which the following is a copy. Memorandum that I, George Jonson, do hereby agree and promise to Mary Jonson, my now wedded wife, that in case we are blessed with any children, I freely give my consent for them to be christened and brought up Catholics, as it is her Profession and the one I fully intend to follow myself, as witness my hand, 26 Feb., 1787: John Potts and James Sharp, testibus."

A similar entry occurs further on, the promise being made by Margaret Wilson, Protestant, to her Catholic husband, John Carrick, on the occasion of their marriage at Capheaton, 4 Nov. 1794.

"2 Sep., 1787. Took into the church, Martha Heymers of the Legherhouse.

"1788, 26 Nov. Died, John Watson of Newcastle, of the malignant smallpox: he came out of town to avoid them, but brought them with him (om. sacr. Eccl. munitus), ann. æt. 17.

"1789, April 24. Died Ann Wilthew, of Capheaton, aged 91, om. sac. Ecc. munita.

"1790, 23 Feb., at 9.5 a.m., died at Capheaton, Mrs. Mary Neville, aged 88 years, 3 months, 1 day, om. sac. Ecc. munita. She came to Capheaton, aged 27, lived housekeeper in the family 56 years, from which she had retired about 5 years.

"1792, 9 Aug. Died Isabella Dickenson of the Burnies [?], aged 102 and 10 months, sacm. Eccl. munita.

"1792, 11 Mar. Died, John Linn of Ingoe, consumptive, a postulant to the Catholic faith, aged 23."

The Revs. John Tate, and J. Fleet, Miss. Ap. appear to have been chaplains in 1794, in which year the entry occurs, "Took into the Church William Fawcett, Grange."

"1794. Dec. 1. Sacro regenerationis Lavacro tincta fuit Anna

Carrick, Filia legitima Joannis et Margaritæ Carrick, Capheaton : susceptores Joannes Wilthew et Maria Errington : Ita testor, J. Fleet, M.A.

" 1795. Sep. 3. Ex hac vitâ discessit Joannes Leadbitter, ætatis 89, Ingoe, cujus dies anniversaria ex proprio desiderio observanda per quatuor annos.

" 1795. 24 Dec. Ex hac vitâ discessit, Sarah Atkinson, Capheaton, prævia conf. et coioe. recreata. J. Fleet.

" 1797. 22 Feb. Animam efflavit Dominus Radolphus Riddell, omnibus sanctæ M. Ecclesiæ sacramentis rite pieque susceptis, ætatis 65. J. Fleet. Miss. Ap.

" 1797. Junii die octava pie obiit in Domino, Domina Anna Barron, (Street Houses) omnibus S. M. Ecclesiæ Sacramentis munita. J. Fleet. M.A."

Father Fleet varies his baptismal entries thus :

" Unda regenerationis lotus fuit Thomas Dods 15 July, 1797.

Baptizavi Joannem Dod . . . 2 Jan. 1798.

Baptismum suscepit Anna Potts . . . 23 Sep. 1798.

Aqua Baptismali tincta fuit Helena Hildrith. 15 Sep. 1798.

1809. Julii die decima nona sacro regenerationis lavacro tinctus fuit," &c.


The Rev. John Leadbitter appears to have been chaplain here in 1815, while upon the last sheet of Book I. which ends with 1816, and after many blank pages is written in a small hand : "Recordare quantum si placet obtulerit quidam ut ex his omnibus miseriis salvus fieres."

ELLINGHAM AND AT LINGSTEAD LODGE, IN KENT.

This register, in two Books, is forwarded to the Commissioners by "Thomas Parker, Catholic Priest of Ellingham."

Book I. opens thus : "The Register Book of Christenings,

Burials, and Marriages from y^e year of our Lord 1775, by M. Joy, S.J.S.

At Lingstead Lodge, Kent, the seat of the R. H. Lord Teynham,
 Samuel Woodrofi of Lingsted was born on the 11th of June 1775 and christened on the same day: obiit 25 ejusdem mensis."

This is the first entry by Fr. Matthew Joy who Mr. Foley (*Collect. S.J.* 410) says died at Ellingham Feb. 21, 1798, æt 56. A few Kentish registers of births and deaths follow, but without any priest's signature, after which comes a mixed entry of Baptisms, Deaths, and Marriages "at Ellingham, Northumberland, the seat of Edward Haggerston Esq."

"17 July, 1783." Twenty-two "persons were confirmed at Ellingham by Mr. Gibson."

"William Gibson of Newham Mill in the parish of Bamborough was marry'd to Ann Dod of the County of Durham on 1st day of May 1790. N.B. They were first cousins and a dispensation was obtained from Bp. Gibson.

"John Moore of Ellingham departed this life on 12 Sep. 1793. sacramentis penitentiae et extremæ unctionis munitus."

The Easter Communion made at Ellingham in 1796 were 83; 25 persons were confirmed on 25th Aug. of that year, and 32 on 24th August, 1809.

From this year, 1805 to 1810, the register entries are signed "John Forshaw": probably the Benedictine Father named in "Weldon's Chronology, O.S.B." [*App.* p. 27.]

"June 12, 1809. I baptized *sub conditione* Mary Ann (born 11 April 1807) of Alexander and Ann (olim Mac Mannes) Balentine. N.B. According to the report given by the mother of the child, it was born in Fifeshire, the father being at that time in the Fife-shire Militia, and not a Catholic: she had not been able to get the child to a Roman Catholic minister to be baptized, altho' she had travelled with her husband through a great part of Scotland: she constantly persisted the child had not been baptized, but

some other parts of her story rendered it very dubious whether it had or had not been baptized, I baptized it *sub conditione*, as above noted. John Forshaw, Ellingham."

"July 15, 1809, was baptized Jane, born (here) of Hugh and Margaret (olim Muris?) Conner, by John Forshaw. N.B. The father of this child, an Irishman, having left the country, after having married and lived with the said woman, has not since been heard of, the mother, though not a Catholic, sent for me to baptize her child, and promised before the above sponsors (Thomas Brown and Mary Maginnis) and Betty Colwin, a Protestant, as witnesses, that her child should be brought up in the Roman Catholic Faith, as the father was a Roman Catholic."

Beginning from the other end of Book I. is the following obituary list.

DEFUNCTI SOCIETATIS JESU SACERDOTES ET FRATRES LAICI.

1776

27 Sep.	R. D. Jac. Lewis.	Knightsbridge.
.....	Ant. Bruning. S.	Liege.
.....	— Clough. S.	Worcester.

1777.

2 June.	Joa. Worthington. S.
1 Aug.	Gul. Mercer. S. Liege,
.....	Thos. Leckonby. S.

1778.

19 Feb.	Mously. S.	Maryland.
.....	Scudamore. S.	Wells.
7 July.	Ed. Scarisbrick. S.	
3 Sep.	Jos. Mollyneux. S.	

1779.

Jan.	A. D. Thorpe. S.
Feb.	Fra. Brudenal. S.

(sic) 2 Mar. 22..... Wm. Gillibrand. S.
 Mar. 1 Jac. Chamberlain. S. Demerara.
 23 June Ed. Galloway. S. London.
 10 July Thos. West. S. Sizar.
 Nic. Tourner. S.

[A line is drawn through all the 1779 obits.]

1780.

23 Feb. Ed. Southcote. S. Wooburn Farm.

1783.

erased—21 May... Dan. Platt. S. Worcester.
 „ —30 „ ... John Panting. S. Bonham.
 June 13 Benj. Blyde. F.L. Antwerp.
 Oct. 16 Joa. Howard. S. Liege.
 Nov. 19 Pet. Morris. S. Maryland.

1784.

Jan. 8 Hen. Brent. S. Irnham.
 erased Jan. 16 ... Wm. Doyle. S. Cowley Hill.
 Jan. 30 Falkner. S.
 Feb. 18 Jac. Stuart. S. Liege.

1785.

Jan. 15 Wm. Doyle. S. Cowley Hill.
 Ap. 22 Ber. Cross. S. Worcester.
 May 15 Fran. Houssoulter. (?) F.L. ... Liege.
 „ 18 Jac. Darrell. S. Liege.
 July 19 Thos. Hawkins. S.
 Sep. 22 Ed. Boone. S. Danby.

1786.

Feb. 3 Bap. Ruyter. S. Pennsylvania.
 Ap. 26 Tho. Weldon. S. Schowas.
 June 30 John Butler. S. Hereford.

Nov. 3 Marm. Langdale. S. Wigan.
 „ 30 Hen. Stanley. S. Moor Hall.

Mess. Fermor & }
 Geeflec—time } Pennsylvania.
 unknown. S.S. }

Fra. Benoit. F.L. }
 time unknown } St. Omers.

It might be added that this Mission is also, like some few others, returned as “founded from time immemorial.” Book II., dating from 1810 to 1840, gives too the following priests as consecutively in charge: Will. Bridesall, John Beaumont, S.J., Thomas Lawson, O.S.B., Ric. Albott, John Parsons, Edward Crane, and lastly, Thomas Parker.

Three Confirmation lists are also given. The following entry must conclude this summary.

“Preston, 1833. John Anderson died on 1 April, 1833. He embraced the Holy Catholic Religion, and received all the last rites of the Church. Aged 58 years. R.I.P.”

Felton.

There is little worth noting in the Felton Park register [No. 17] returned by the Rev. Joseph Orrell. It covers a period of 48 years, dated from 1792, when the Rev. John Robinson was priest there. It is also stated that the date of the foundation of the mission is “unknown.”

Thropton.

The register of “Thropton Catholic Chapel in the parish of Rothbury [No. 48], founded about the year 1700,” was sent to the Commissioners 26 Oct., 1840, by the Rev. Geo. J. A. Corless,

OLD ENGLISH CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

D.D., "the officiating Catholic clergyman of Thropton Hall since 1839."

Upon the inside of the cover is written as follows: "Joannes Midford 2^{us} Sacerdos Throptonii mortuus est circa annum 1750. Cui Lucas Potts successit, diem obiit 16 Aug., 1787. Robert Himsworth came to Thropton, Aug. 22, 1788.

"Thomas Stout came to Thropton, September 23, 1797; Rev. James Abbot came to Thropton June 1, 1828, obiit 28 Jan., 1837; James Pemberton came to Thropton Feb. 3, 1838.

"Thropton Bridge was founded 24 May, 1810, finished May 30, 1811; built by Geo. Robson, Catholic. It cost £365, of which £160 was paid by subscribers, the rest by the county, exclusive of leading.

"June 9, 1814. Ice a shilling thick.

"Pulled down Thropton Hall, 4 June, 1811; covered the new house, Jan. 26, 1812; flitted into do., Dec. 7, 1812, and finished the whole house, 25 Nov. 1815.

"*Protestantes baptizati in periculo mortis.* Flutterton: 1 die Sep. 1820, Joanna Green filia Thomæ et Joanna Green conjugum a me Thomâ Stout, Misso-Apostolico.

"Thropton. Ralph Black, son of William Black and Susanna his wife, born 21 Jan., 1823, was baptized by me on the same day, Thomas Stout." This good priest's death is recorded in a mortuary list at the other end of this book: "Rev. Thomas Stout died at Thropton 26 July, 1828, aged 62. The Rev. Thomas Stout was pastor of the congregation at Thropton 30 years and ten months within one day."

Tynemouth.

The Tynemouth and North Shields baptismal register, No. 51, the last of the Northumberland series, dates only from 1821 to 1840. The Rev. Thomas Gillow, however, by whom all the

entries for this period are made, gives a few at the end of the book for the years 1807-1809, and writes: "The above is a faithful extract taken from a register left by Mr. Aubin Donniville, a French priest, who for several years officiated as pastor of the Catholic congregation in North Shields and its vicinity, and in witness thereof we have signed our names this 23 day of October, 1826, Thomas Gillow, James Worswick."

Among the entries of Mr. Aubin Donniville, the name of Peter Dubuisson occurs once as priest at North Shields.

Canon Plasse in his "*Clergé Français Réfugié en Angleterre*," II. 423, describes the latter as formerly curé of Preuilly in the diocese of Bourges, and as resident in 1803 at Robin Hood's Well, Burghwallis, co. York, where it appears some few others of the French clergy were at intervals in charge of the mission, but the name of Aubin Donniville does not appear in his list.

Nottingham.

There is a solitary register [No. 34] for the county, that, namely, of St. John the Evangelist, Nottingham, dating only from 1825 to 1837. It contains, however, nothing of special interest. The Rev. Rob. William Willson adds, in a note to the Commissioners, "the Baptismal registers up to the year 1828 were taken at our old chapel, King's Place, Stoney Street, in this town."

Stonor.

The Stonor Park register [No. 19] is likewise the only one for the county of Oxford. It is contained in three very neatly kept books, in the first of which is the following explanatory note: "The chapel of Stonor at Stonor, founded before the reign of King Henry VI., and which still subsists, the said books

commencing with an entry dated on the 13 of Jan. 1758, and ending with an entry dated 27 Oct., 1840, being forwarded by Rev. C. P. A. Comberbach, now chaplain, through J. Fleming, Esq., barrister-at-law, who has kept them since 7 Nov. as the friend of Lord Camoys, the proprietor of the chapel at Stonor and of the said Rev. C. P. A. Comberbach, for the purpose of placing them in the custody of the Commissioners: signed 9 Nov., 1840, James Fleming, for the Rev. C. P. A. Comberbach."

Book I. dates from 1758 to 1790, no priest's name of that period occurring in it, a notice of the death at Stonor, 23 Aug., 1790, of the Rev. Joseph Strickland, being evidently an addition of a more recent date. It contains, however, apparently a list of school attendance. In Book II. the name of George Gildart occurs as priest in 1791, and that of J. B. Mortuaire in 1796, the register of the death of the latter occurring afterwards in Book III., as follows: "1830, 12 Sep., Reverendus Dominus Joannes Baptista Mortuaire, Ecclesiæ Romanæ Sacerdos, et trigintis ultra annos Pastor Capellæ St.—ad Stonor, omnibus ecclesiæ præsidiis tempestive præmunitus, ex diuturno morbo obiit, ætat-ferme—ann. R.I.P."

Later on occurs the following entry: "1837, 1 Mar., Anne Comberbach at Antwerp in the — year of her age. Deus qui nos patrem et matrem honorare precepisti, miserere clementer animæ matris meæ: meque eam in æternæ charitatis gaudio fac videre, per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum, Amen. C. P. A. Comberbach."

Leamington.

The register of "St. Peter's Chapel, Leamington" [No. 43], dating from 1822-1840, is the only one of the county of Warwick handed over to the Commissioners, which was effected by the Rev. William Cunningham. In part, however, it is an ex-

tract from the old Wappenbury register, a document of much earlier date, which is still in the custody of the Catholic clergy at Leamington.

Kendal.

The register of the "Chapel of the Holy Trinity, at Kendal, under the patronage of St. George," returned by the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson in Oct., 1840, as that of a mission "founded about the year 1724," is the solitary representative of the county of Westmoreland. It dates from 1762, but calls for no special notice.

Aberford.

No fewer than forty-five Catholic Mission Registers of Yorkshire are deposited at Somerset House, some of them being of very considerable interest. The earlier ones, however, are unfortunately somewhat barren of any curious detail. First upon the list is the mission of Aberford [No. 1], "founded," according to the Rev. John Robinson, in 1786, his register dating only from 1806-1838. No priest's signature appears in it prior to that of W. Chew in 1810.

Allerton Park.

The mission of St. Mary's, Allerton Park [No. 4], comes next, "founded," writes the Rev. Thomas Weston, in 1807, the register dating from 1816-1840.

Ampleforth.

The register of "Ampleforth College [No. 9], formerly Ample-

forth Lodge," dating from 1802-1818, and forwarded by the Rev. Thomas Cockshot, is somewhat disappointing.

Angram.

So also is the next one [No. 10], that of "Angram or Osmotherley," 1771-1839, forwarded by the Rev. Joseph Dugdale of Stockton-on-Tees.

Aiskew.

The register of Aiskew Chapel in Bedale, stands No. 25 on the Yorkshire list, and dates from 1812-1840.

Bradford.

That of "the Chapel, called Mount St. Marie at Bradford" [No. 44], dates from 1823, and on Nov. 7, 1840, was in the possession of the then "Incumbent," Peter M'Kaye.

Brandsby.

The mission attached to Brandsby Hall is reported as founded in 1746, the register, 1820-1840, being forwarded by "the proprietor, Francis Cholmeley, Esq.," on Oct. 9, 1840. The title page betrays the customary and clever shirking of the word "Sacerdotes," thus: "Catalogus Baptizatorum apud Villam de Brandsby et in vicis circumjacentibus per illos, qui dicta Capellæ Brandsbeianæ deserviunt." Priests who sign the register from 1824 downwards, are, Thomas Rooker, Christopher and William Shann, Richard Tyrer, Placidus Sinnott, James Dowding, James Sheridan, and in 1840, Thomas Jackson.

Broughton Hall.

No. 54 is the Broughton Hall register contained in two books

dating from 1757, and forwarded to the Commissioners by "John Middlehurst, clerk, and private chaplain to Charles Robert Tempest, Esq. of Broughton Hall." Most of the clergy in charge of the mission appear to have been priests of the Society of Jesus, of whom the first-named in 1757, is the Rev. James Heatley, in 1786 J. Beeston, and afterwards, Frs. Crathorne, Thomas Kay, Charles Brooke, Edward Pugh, Michael Trappes, &c.

The following are a few entries of conversions taken from the first book of the register:

"29 May, 1757, Professionem fidei emisit Joan. Swainson coram me Jac. Heatley and John Kighley.

"1760, 8 Jan., Eliz. Stanly (olim Speakey) in Painley.

"„ 12 Jul., In Broughton Sacello, Eliz. Nutter Edmundson, uxor Jacobi Edmundson.

"1761, 29 Junii, In do.—Eliz. Gill.

"1762, 15 Aug., In do.—Eliz. Gibson, coram me J. H. et testibus, Eliz. Walmesley, Mary Hodgson.

"1762, 12 Dec., Francisca Preston.

"1763, 27 Dec., Rob. Parker.

"In Townley Sacello, Gulielmus Netherwood in manibus Dni. Jo. Boone coram me J. H.

"18 Nov., 1777, Prof. Fidei emisit mania Thakaray in ædibus Gul. Netherwood."

Book II., from the subjoined entry made upon the inside of the cover, would appear to have originally done duty for house-keeping purposes before finding its way into the Sacristy:

"The Great Arke in the Backhouse holds 207 Bushells of Wheat, Barley, or Malt, Winchester Measure.

"The Great Arke in the Store Chamber holds in the great end thereof $57\frac{1}{2}$ bushells, in the little end 43 bushells of Wheat, Winchester Measure.

"The Middle Arke 80 bushells.

"The Little Arke (all in the Store Chamber) 70 bushells of Corn, Winchester Measure.

"So of trodden oatmeal they will hold twice as much.

"The new Gilefat holds 140 gallons.

"The Great Copper Bruing Pan holds 215 gallons.

"The Great Iron Pan in the Bruhouse holds $72\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, under the zone, and to the top of the zone $28\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, in all 101 gallons.

"The Pan in the Scullery 29 gallons."

Several leaves are then torn out, after which the register continues.

Burghwallis.

No. 56 is the register, dating from 1761, of "Burghwallis an at Sheephouse," and forwarded, 5 Nov., 1840, by Louis le Roux, its custodian since 1828, and "the officiating minister of Michael Tasburgh, Esq." The printed form, however, that accompanies each register and which is intended to afford a descriptive summary of the date, &c., of the mission is in this instance signed by John Ball, as the "representative of Louis le Roux, superannuated." This "Louis le Roux" is probably he who is described by Canon Plasse (II. 420, *Le Clergé Francais Réfugié en Angleterre*), as formerly vicar of Courbevoye in the diocese of Paris and as resident in 1803 at Rodney Hall, Southwark.

The mission is returned as founded "about the time of the Reformation," but the register itself contains little worth noting. Fathers James Lewis and John Thom, S.J., were here in 1761, and Fr. Henry Pile, S.J., in 1774. In Book II. the names of two other apparently French clergy occur, viz. that of — Beury, in 1798, and the Rev. John Poisnel.

Catterick.

Next to this, No. 57, is the register of Catterick, the Brough

Hall Chapel, stated by Robert Johnson, "Clerk" of Brough Hall, the priest who forwarded it to the Commissioners, to be "the private property of William Lawson, Esq., who maintains his own chaplain." In addition, of course, to several Lawson entries, there are others of the families of Meynell, Storey, Rowntree, Ridesdale, Dale, Thwaites, Strickland, &c.

The register opens with the year 1758, when the Rev. Rob. Knatchbull, S.J., was stationed there, and on 22 March, 1765, "in consequence" of his baptising "Margaret, da. of John and Elizabeth Young of Catterick ['Sponsors, N.N.'] Mr. Knatchbull (to silence the complaints and threats of the Vicar Harrison) was removed from Brough and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Brent, S.J." It is significantly added that in the years "1766 and 1767 none were *registered*."

"1769, Mr. Brent quitted Brough Hall this year, and was succeeded by Mr. Hoskins from Liverpool," *i.e.* the Rev. Raphael Hoskins, S.J.

"1794, N.B. The Rev. Thomas Ferby arrived at Brough Hall from Crathorne on 25 August, 1794, and enregistered the following names," among which may be mentioned those of Kirkley, Scott, Danby, Newsam, &c.

The name of the "Rev. Kerbonel, emigrant French clergyman," occurs in 1799. Afterwards, it is added, that "the Rev. Thomas Ferby having been appointed director of the Poor Clares of Scorton, was succeeded at Brough Hall by the Rev. John Laurenson, S.J., who arrived on 18 Sept., 1807, and Mr. Ferby quitted Brough."

"1830, The Rev. J. Laurenson, S.J., quitted Brough Hall, 13 June, 1830, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Dilworth, who arrived at Brough, June 1, 1830.

"1834, N.B. The Rev. J. Dilworth, S.J., quitted Brough Hall, 1 Aug.; he was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Johnson, S.J., who arrived at Brough Hall, 30 July, 1834," in time therefore to celebrate together the Feast of their Holy Founder on the intervening 31 July.

Crathorne.

No 71, the register of St. Mary's, Crathorne, is entitled "A Baptismal Book belonging to Crathorne, in which an account is kept of the children that have been baptised by me, Thomas Kerby, Engl^h Missr., since Nov., 1777." Forwarded on 26th Oct., 1840, the following note appears at the foot of the printed certificate :—

"The undersigned Roman Catholic Bishop of Yorkshire begs leave to add that in consequence of there not having been an Incumbent of the Catholic Chapel at Crathorne since July last, the Register Book is transmitted by the Rev. Joseph Dugdale, Roman Catholic clergyman of Stockton-on-Tees. John Briggs."

Priests successively in charge of this mission were, Revs. T. Kerby, J. Taylor, Jos. Maini (1798), Thomas Story (1804), George Corless, "Successori Dni. J. Maini, post inter-regnum 20 fere annorum, proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo," (1816), Henry Greenhalgh, A. Macarteny, and Henry Irving.

Danby.

"Danby-upon-Yure, (Parish of Thornton Steward) West Witton and Leyburn, St. Bartholomew and St. Peter's Chapels," No. 76, is returned as a mission founded about the year 1771: yet the register dates from 1742, while some few entries of baptisms and deaths of members of the family of Scrope made upon two leaves that have been pasted into Book IV., date from 1663.

This register contained in five books was forwarded to the Commissioners on 31 Oct., 1840, by the Rev. R. Bolton, its custodian from the year 1837. Several of the entries presenting detail, more or less curious and interesting, not a few illustrations, are here subjoined.

Written upon the cover of Book I. is the following :—

"Æterne sit honos Triadi, sit gloria Sanctis.

"This register Mr. Boone bought 1771, and set down what Mr. Oakley, S.J., did concerning his mission at Danby from 1742 to 1758, and from 1758 what Mr. Wappeller did in his mission at Danby to 1764, when Mr. Boone, S.J., began the Mission at Danby, the seat of Simon Scroope, Esq. His utere mecum.

"1743. The register of Christenings and Marriages at Danby by F. Frank Oakley, S.J.

"April 28. I administered Charles Robinson, of Wensley, recovered.

"May 2. I administered Frank Stabler at East Witton, he dyed.

"Dec. 15. I received into the Church Margarite Stabler of Thornton, wife of Will. Stabler.

"1743. 15 Nov. I christened at Danby a Scotchman beggar, with one Legg, his son Claud.

"1744. February 6. I administered to Margaret More at E. Witton the viaticum, she the 15 [*sic*] without the holy oiles: I was sent for too late.

"Aug. 22. I administered the viaticum to Will. Slie [?] at E. Witton, he dyed Sep. 3, without the holy oyles, I not being called in time.

"Dec. 7. I baptised at Thornton, Barbara, B. child of Mary Natteras. The Father, young Christ. Hall. I stood godfather, Molly Fletcher was godmother: the child was born 27 Nov., and dyed in 1746.

"1745. Jan. 12. I baptised at Ulshaw Bridge, James, son of Will. Topham, and Lucy his wife of Middleham: sponsors John Pease, sen^r. and Eliz. Allen, jun^r., for which I hardly escaped [banishment.]

A line is drawn through the word in brackets.

JOHN ORLEBAR PAYNE.

(*To be continued.*)

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						£ s. d.	£ s. d.
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Dessert Forks or Spoons	1 0 0	1 8 0
Tea Spoons	0 14 0	1 0 0

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						£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
3-inch Ivory-handle Table Knives	per dozen	0 15 0	0 1 0	0 7 0
3½ ditto ditto to balance	1 1 0	0 16 6	0 7 0
4 ditto ditto ditto	1 4 0	0 17 0	0 8 0
4 ditto ditto ditto	1 8 0	1 3 0	0 8 0
4 ditto ditto ditto	1 12 0	1 2 0	0 8 0
4 ditto fine ditto ditto	1 16 0	1 6 0	0 10 6
4 ditto ditto African	2 2 0	1 14 0	0 15 0
4 ditto ditto Silver Ferrules	2 2 0	1 14 0	0 18 0
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Teapots	10s. to 90s.	Breakfast Dishes, revolving covers	60s. to 150s.
Toast Racks	7s. to 42s.	Salad Bowls and Servers	18s. to 110s.
Kettles and Stands	55s. to 210s.	Dessert Knives and Forks, ivory handles	4s. 6d. per pair
Afternoon Tea Sets	43s. to 111s.	Dessert Knives and Forks, pearl do.	6s. 6d. per pair
Egg Steamers	19s. to 45s.	Fish-eating Knives and Forks	6s. 6d. per pair
Fish Carvers	15s. to 100s.	Six Napkin Rings, in case	14s. to 42s.
Entree Dishes	27s. to 70s.	Four Salt-cellars and Spoons, in case	24s. to 65s.
Egg Frames	18s. to 70s.				

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